

C. Walke



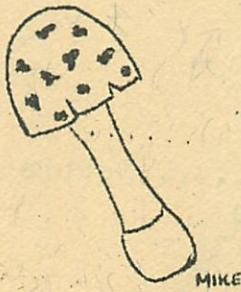
MAS FORMA

#2

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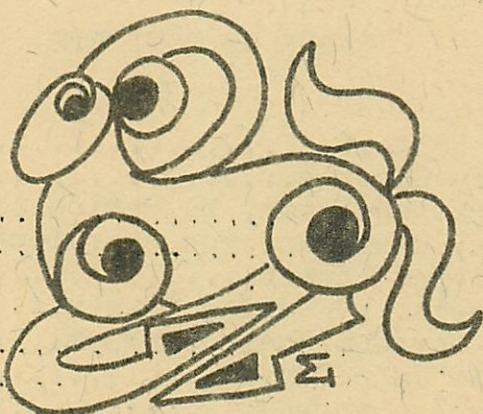
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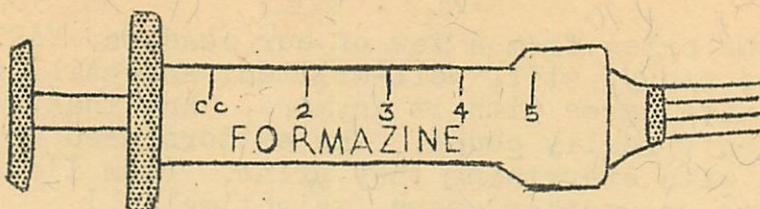
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AND OTHER IRRITATING

SUBSTANCES

(YEDS)

Now that I've combed the cat, finished the mail - mighod - there's nothing left to do but write the editorial. And, well, uh - - - In the thirteen months or so since our firstish, I've gone from 26 to 28, and from redhaired to black. (Which just shows how talented I am.)

It occurred to me somewhat belatedly that I'd never really explained WHY I was picking up aluminium cans in the gutters of Brooklyn. Hastily, before my sobbing readers start sending me their left-over French fries and gnawed lamb chop bones ("That poor girl! Picking up ha'pennies out of the gutter to support her starving fanzine!") - it's to support the ecological movement. I've collected about eight pounds of metal this way - which is a hell of a lot of cans. The Lunarians, my SF club, also save bottles and cans, and I ferry the stuff to the recyclery. The cash thus produced goes to TAFF - more than \$9 so far, which represents over 300 pounds of glass and 30 pounds of aluminium. Speaking of which, 25-pound cat litter bags make great collection bags. They're very sturdy, and are so built that a full load is still carryable. Last time, I tried lawn-trash bags, and nearly got a hernia trying to lift one.

We got quite a bit of flak about the main story in our lastish, most of it accusing us of being sexist. This produces a problem. VARIATION is a funny, well-written story, with a rather woman's magazine orientation. It's a perfect example of the kind of writing that people sigh over every day, except, of course, that the heroine is a Vulcan.

VARIATION was written, accepted, and illustrated more than two years ago. I thought that it was a good story then, and I still feel that it's a good story. Perhaps if it were submitted to me now, I might feel a little more worried about the "attitude." Perhaps not. However, having accepted such a story, I most certainly would not send it back after holding it for two years, because I'd become "liberated." That is crude.

*SEE P.40

Despite the cries from a few of our readers, VARIATION is still a good story, still well-written, and still funny. I just don't quite agree with it anymore. And that, as everyone knows, doesn't really count. The editors need not necessarily agree with everything they print. (Now I'd like Barbara to write us another story, this time....)

As usual, the business of getting an issue out within a specified time seems to have fizzled. I do hope that by Christmas - well - er - Passover?

The latest word on Sherna's projected secondary universe zine, NEVERTRODDEN WORLDS, is quite hopeful. She has all of her material together, is working on lettering and art and such, and has some hopes of being ready moderately soon.

I had hoped to be able to put out a special issue of this zine in time for the STAR TREKcon to be held in NYC this coming January. However, this didn't work out - as a committee member I had NO TIME.

Hurray for spore-atic plants! Linda Harriman

A panel of completely impartial judges (that is to say, Debbie and I) have decided that the best definition of MASIFORM D was the one supplied by Rick Brooks of Indiana. Rick, with his usual ability to get right to the heart of the matter, said:

MASIFORM D is the name of the shade of luminescent red nipple makeup you wore while posing for the cover of your firstish.

Thanks very much to Anna Hall and Jacqueline Lichtenberg, who also sent in daffynitions.

A screaming yellow zonker could get you, too!

Speaking of that cover... The cover on our firstish, which brought us a couple of strange letters, had another interesting effect. I gave a copy of MD #1 to Leonard Nimoy, when we trapped him at the stage door of the Hyannis Theater, where he'd been playing Tevyeh in FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Mr. Nimoy took one look at the super space ranger whip-and-chill (as my Canadian friends call it) and his eyes nearly bugged out. Not what he had expected from a bunch of trekkies, ya betcha.

(Good thing I hadn't brought along that PLAYGIRL picture of
Kirk Spock.)

Cops - here is Sherna's address. (Remember, she has the
only mint copies of SPOCKANALIA 1-4 left in the world. Wrap-
ped up and sealed into a vault, they are.)

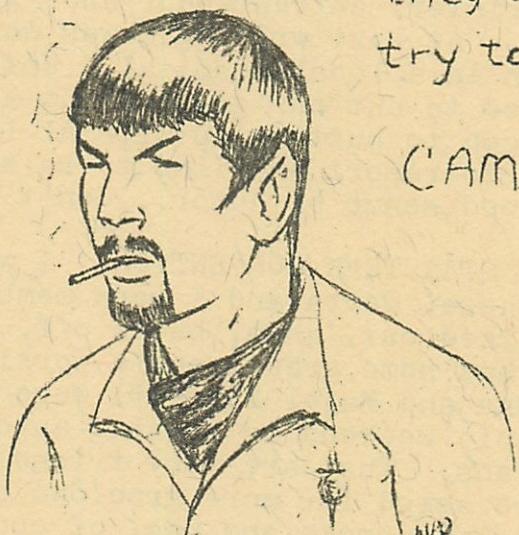
Sherna C. Burley
38 N. Main
Hackettstown, NJ 07840

May the hair on your toes never fall out.

CAMELS aren't for
everyone — but then,

they don't
try to be.

CAMELS



Ahhh - well (sigh) I guess I have procrastinated long enough. The time does come when one MUST sit down and write one's editorial. Poor Devra has not disowned me as her cousin nor fined me for holding up publication. I have a very patient, if not near saintly, cousin.

Things have been very busy since we last published MASF-
IFORM D. I spent the summer travelling through Europe and catching mononucleosis during the process. Illness aside, I had a fantastic time, prowling through museums and seeing all my favorite Renaissance and 19th Century art. My art history professor would have been proud of me. I wandered all about muttering, "I know that, it's by what's-his-name..."

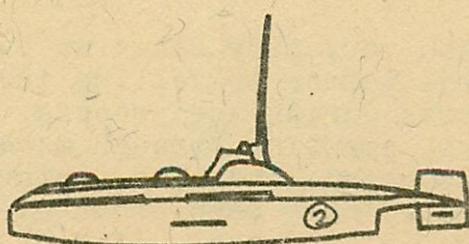
you know, the one with all the fat, pudgey, yechy cupids.... you know, Fragonard. I've always hated him." I travelled all around by train and would not have traded the experience for anything (except perhaps the 20 hour trip from Paris to Rome where sixteen Italian soldiers crowded into our compartment, meant for four, and we spent the night conversing in French, Italian and English.) One day I might even write an article about my journey - of course Devra may have to beat me with a stick and chain me to a typewriter...perhaps next issue. Devra, you better start nagging.

I've actually graduated from Brooklyn College (all rise for the Vulcan anthem -- hip, hip hooray.) I've started graduate work at City College and am working for my master's in Oceanography and Marine microbiology. I'm also doing research at Brooklyn College on clam mantles and their role in the deposition of calcium carbonate for the formation of shell. Anybody want a translation?

In order to earn the filthy lucre that keeps me in Japanese dinners, I work as a gal friday for Al Schuster - fandom's resident printer, entrepreneur and STAR-TREK-CONVENTION-putter-oner. At last writing I was working in neuro-surgical research in a local hospital. Unfortunately, the government decided to cut our grant about a year ago and thus I have been reduced to putting up with Al (and vice versa.) Monday, I expect to report and find my salary cut in half. Well, Al has a good sense of humor...don't you Al...Al? Al?

Speaking of STAR TREK CONVENTION. I was speaking of it somewhere back there. Devra and I were members of the committee and we worked our, ahem, butts off. It was worth it. Fortunately, we had some great people working with us. The Roddenberrys (Gene and Majel Barrett) were incredibly kind and devoted their whole weekend to signing autographs and socializing with the fans. They are very friendly and unpretentious. We could not have asked for more gracious or cooperative guests. Isaac Asimov spoke and was, of course, Isaac as only Isaac can be Isaac. Hal Clement also gave a fine speech and served, as usual, as resident nice guy. In my opinion, Hal is one of the nicest people around.

Anyway, at long last, here is my editorial. Now Devra can put her whip away. I actually don't even mind writing them...it's just sitting me down to start. Right? Right!



MEMORIES

BY

NANCY GIUDICE

One golden moment
in my memory always
when you freed somehow from your demon
placed hands on either side
and lifted up my face
and only touched my lips.
How did my body shake with longing
and hands hang dumb at my sides -
You touched me,
and then were gone
Leaving me dumb still
with eyes as open as morning glories,
impressed in my skin still your touch
Face, still, tilted up.

Do you mourn her
with the name of music
far lost and lonely
and long ago?
Does her smile
still haunt your sleep
her silken hair
still somewhere blow
far lost and lonely
long ago?
And do you wonder
what befell her,
whisper her name
with waiting breath,
Dream her answer
somewhere calling...

Zarabeth
far lost and lonely
long and long ago.



A GLOSSARY OF DARKOVAN TERMS

by

Marion Zimmer Bradley

In making up this glossary of Darkovan terms and language, I was struck for the first time by how few actual Darkovan terms had found their way into the published books. There was, of course, a good reason for this -- my long-standing distaste for the kind of book where one has to keep turning to the glossary, or to footnotes, every few pages to refresh one's memory as to what a zarl or a quetz might possibly be. A little strangeness adds beauty and pleasure to a book; too much, I feel, breaks the spell of the story and allows the author to enjoy his own private world at the expense, I fear, of the less-than-passionately-devoted reader. So, although the language, customs, etc., of my own "private world" are very clearly worked out, I usually stop and think twice or three times before using a clearly alien word if I can express the same thought (without falsifying it) in English. A case in point is the word leronis, which translates exactly as "A trained worker, usually a woman, in the use of laran, or inherited telepathic powers of the Comyn." That, of course, is too long to use every time, so I have used the word, cautiously, from time to time, just as I use the word laran to mean "telepathic or psychokinetic powers peculiar to the caste of telepaths." In early books of the series I sometimes used the word "sorceress" for leronis, but they did give a slightly different meaning to my writings, and I abandoned them for that reason.

All of the terms in this glossary have appeared in the published or unpublished completed novels of the Darkovan/Merdinian mythos. This needs explanation. When the early books were first written -- long before any of them were published -- the Comyn, or Seveners as they were then known, were a caste ruling over a parallel-world to Earth: basically a world in which the Spanish Armada had defeated England, and the New World had been settled by a combination of Spaniards,

Moors, Gypsies, and Scottish Highlanders, combining the second sight of the latter two groups with the psychic abilities of American Indian tribes. I later added various nonhuman cultures. About four books were completed (none of which now survive) when, on an impulse, I wrote the first version of THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE, transferring the action to an alien planet called Wolf. Some time later, liking the "Terran Empire" milieu, I took a few of the characters left over at the end of one cataclysm book, then called THE KING AND THE SWORD (this was the book later rewritten as THE SWORD OF ALDONES) and wrote THE PLANET SAVERS, inventing Darkover more or less on the spot as a way of joining the two. This has had one very confusing effect -- it located the Dry Towns on Wolf and the Comyn Council on Darkover, whereas in actuality they all belong on the same planet, and in later books of the series I have firmly assumed that they were all on Darkover.

THE PLANET SAVERS turned out enough of a success that the "basic" book of the series, THE SWORD OF ALDONES, was written, or rewritten, in a Darkovan milieu. This book combined two of the original novels -- THE DARK FLOWER and its sequel, THE KING AND THE SWORD, and I will give a brief synopsis of both plots, for the benefit of those who have asked why I don't write the original story of Lew Alton, Marga, Kadarin, and the Sharra rebellion.

THE DARK FLOWER began with a prologue in which a lord of Armida, Don Esteban Leynier, carrying out the latest maneuver against the proud mountain aristocracy-banditry of Aldaran, raided the mountains and carried off the sister of Kermiac of Aldaran -- Mara Aldaran.

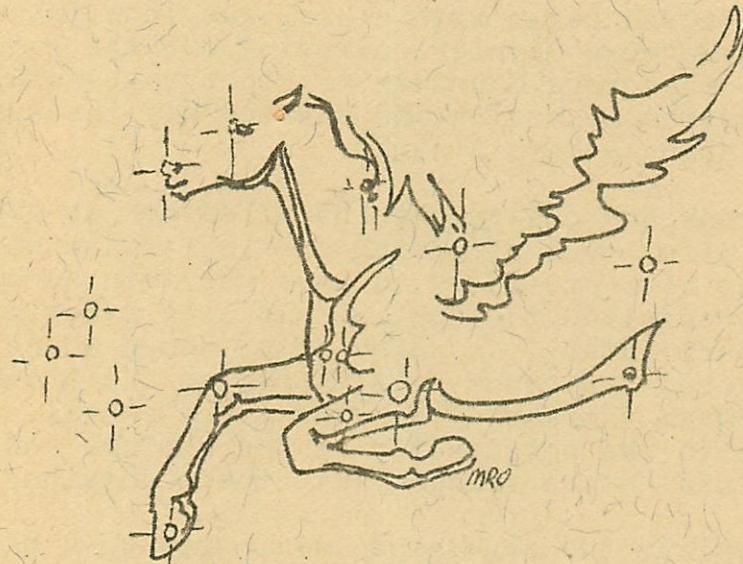
Defying rank and custom, he installed her as a barragana, or morganatic wife, thus offending his legitimate wife and her family. He also attempted to have her twin sons, Gwynn and Mikhail, recognized to supplant his sickly legitimate son. A few years later, returning after Comyn Council, Don Esteban discovered his house half burned to the ground, and Donna Mara Aldaran vanished, with the twin Mikhail. There was no clue as to the perpetrator of the outrage and at this season they could not be tracked into the mountains.

Gwynn Leynier, the remaining twin, grew up a bastard, despised and the recipient of all his father's rage. In his eighteenth year, again during his father's absence, a single-handed bandit invaded Armida -- a mountain bandit bearing an uncanny resemblance to himself: his twin, Mikhail. The twins, recognizing one another, decided to end the feud between the families; Gwynn returns to the mountains with the bandits and Mikhail remains to face his father. In the mountains, at Aldaran, Gwynn became entangled with Rakhal Darriell, also known as Kadarin, a bandit attempting to restore the worship of the Fire-Goddess Sharra, and with

Rakhal's two foster-sisters, Thyra and Marga. Cutting short a lot of lengthy, involved and really rather pointless love story involving all four of them with many switches and self-reproaching nonsense, as well as some juvenile comedy-of-errors stuff about mistaken identity among the twins, Gwynn allows himself to be drawn into the Sharra worship, tries to run away with Marga, is brought back and brutally beaten by Kadarin, acquiring lifetime facial scars, then during the fire-ritual (for details of which, see WINDS OF DARKOVER) attempts to make a break, after which he escapes, taking Marga with him, but she dies during the trip through the mountains.

When the time came to rewrite THE KING AND THE SWORD into THE SWORD OF ALDONES, for some unknown reason I rechristened all of the Leyniers Alton, although I retained their family estate of Armida unchanged. Gwynn Leynier became Lew Alton, and since in DOOR THROUGH SPACE I had already used the gambit of terrible facial scarring, and didn't want to repeat myself, as I wrote in a letter to Rick Sneary, "with one cruel stroke of the typewriter I lopped off his right hand."

The only other serious changes from Merdinian-Sevener mythos to Darkover-Terran Empire were nominal; the Valerons (Household of the vai leroni, obviously) were altered to the Aillards out of respect to E.E. Smith and his "Skylark of



Valeron." Cassandra of Valeron became Callina, and Camilla, her sister, was called Linnell -- I can't for the life of me imagine why! Rafe Darriell became Rafe Scott, as did Thyra and Marga, Rakhal Darriell became Robert Raymon Kadarin because -- again -- the name Rakhal had been used in THE DOOR THROUGH SPACE, although the characters of the two men were so much alike that I kept being afraid someone would spot

that Rakhal and Kadarin were the same man -- as of course they were. Two characters were combined to make Dyan Ardais (wasn't he nasty enough for two?) and in general the concept of Darkovan against Terran was introduced as a theme to give point to what was otherwise a fairly pointless sword-and-sorcery yarn of revenge, psi powers and so forth. The only other change from the original was that in SWORD OF ALDONES, Callina (Cassandra) died at the end of the book and Lew (Gwynn) went into exile with Dio, while in THE KING AND THE SWORD she survived after a lengthy collapse and eventually married Gwynn, while Dio became the heroine of a third long-lost novel, tentatively called THE CHILDREN OF KINGS.

Between THE DARK FLOWER and THE KING AND THE SWORD came INSOLENCE, the only Merdinian novel to survive more or less complete, although unpublished and probably unpublishable. (It has circulated widely in ms. on the West Coast.) Regis Hastur is the hero of this book, and the basic theme (although the book sprawls like a map of Ursula LeGuin's EARTHSEA, and has about fifty characters and less plot than an Austen Tappan Wright epic) is the struggle by Regis to free the City Guard from domination by the sadistic, not to say psychopathic, homosexual Dyan Ardais. One lengthy episode from INSOLENCE found its way into STAR OF DANGER, although in INSOLENCE it was the very young Danilo Syrtis who was captured by the bandit Cyrillon des Trailles (rather than Larry Montray, the young Terran) and Regis Hastur, rather than Kennard Alton, who staged a singlehanded rescue and a long escape through the forests. Other minor strands in this book concern the attempts of Gwynn and his brother, Mario, to escape from the maneuvering of Don Esteban in their lives; love affairs between Gwynn and Dio, Mario and Vivie (a younger niece of Cassandra) and the scandalous escapes of the nymphomaniac Sybil-Marie; and a brief love affair between Regis and a young chieri during the escape sequence, as well as the final vindication of Danilo and humiliation of Dyan Ardais. There are a couple of very fragmentary, unfinished Merdinian novels; WHIP HAND, dealing with the murder of Don Esteban -- a project I abandoned because murder in a telepathic society would be difficult to conceal, Alfred Bester to the contrary -- and THE MANY COLORED WINDS, which, like INSOLENCE, has circulated unfinished in manuscript but which simply got too far out of hand to finish. I vaguely suspect that all future novels in the series will be written from the beginning with Darkover in mind, as were THE BLOODY SUN, STAR OF DANGER, WINDS OF DARKOVER and the forthcoming WORLD WRECKERS. For instance, I am now contemplating a novel to be called FREE AMAZONS OF DARKOVER....they fascinate me and I will have to write the book, as Dion Fortune said about her novel MOON MAGIC, to find out what it is about.

Because the fact is that I never know what I think about anything until I have written it! That's just the way my mind works. Very often people ask me about this or that on Darkover. Once, years ago, I asked Leigh Brackett if she had meticulously mapped out and worked out the Mars of her Eric John Stark and SWORD OF RHIANNON books. She replied: No, that she kept everything flexible until she wanted to use it, but thereafter it was fixed for all time.

I have done this, more or less, with Darkover. There are many things I have written about which have never gotten into print -- but nevertheless, having been written about, they exist solidly in my mind, and I am very clear about them. There are other things which are hazy -- until someone asks me, after which I am often spurred to "write them in" in order to find out. For instance, the way my mind works, I could never sit down and draw a map of what Barry Green once asked me about -- "Are there any caves on Darkover?" I could only write a novel about an expedition to explore them....and discover them, inch by inch and foot by foot, along with my hero.

All this proves, I suppose, is that I'm not Tolkien, or Austin Tappan Wright. I know -- in a general way -- what is there; and I know that when I stretch out my hand because I need a character, a color, a wind, a strange beast, or a texture, I will discover it invisibly woven out of the curious astral stuff of my dreams. I am only continually surprised, delighted and almost painfully grateful that some of my readers love Darkover almost as much as I do.

"Listen; there's a hell of a good universe next door;
let's go!"

A NOTE ON DARKOVAN PRONUNCIATION: in general, the vowel sounds are Italian. Exceptions are the "is" forms at the end of some nouns, which are pronounced to rhyme with "miss." R sounds are very lightly rolled, without exaggeration. Names may be pronounced as you please, since pronunciation varies greatly from Thendara to the Cahuengas, but a few are listed here:

Callina -- KALL-ee-na, not Ka-LEE-na

Regis -- RAY-zhis

Cleindori -- KLAY-een-doh-ree

Lorill -- LOH-rill

Cyrillon -- SIH-RILL-ohn

Dyan Ardais -- DIE-an Ahr-DAYZ

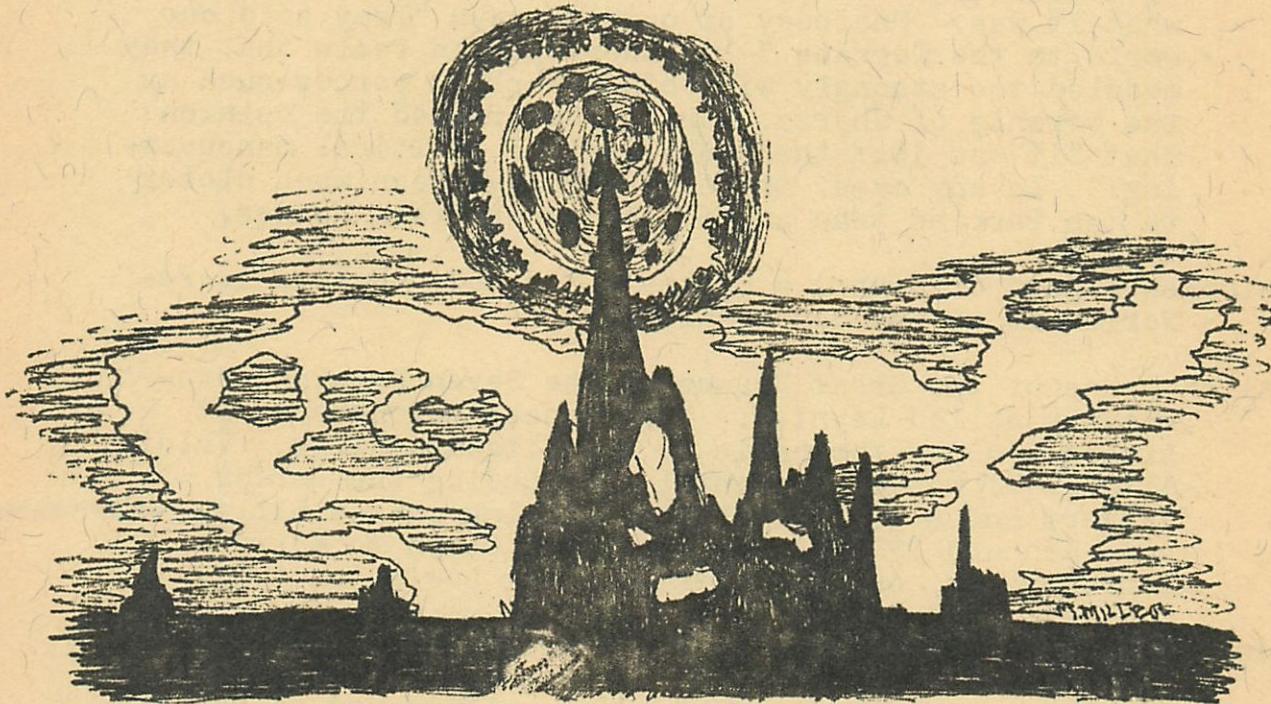
Lerrys -- LE-reesh

GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND TERMS

Reference Code:

PS - PLANET SAVERS
 BS - BLOODY SUN
 SA - SWORD OF ALDONES
 SD - STAR OF DANGER

DS - DOOR THROUGH SPACE
 WD - WINDS OF DARKOVER
 WW - WORLD WRECKERS
 INS - INSOLENCE



A

accandir - (WW) to lie down, rest, repose. The prefix of s' making this s'accandir makes this a reflexive and gives it a sexual connotation. An elaborate or polite proposition might be framed Chi s'accande?

adelandeyo - a polite benediction at parting, "Walk with the Gods."

Aillard - One of the Great Houses of the Seven Domains, previously called Valeron. They are notable for having given birth to many great leroni (sorceresses) and the title is, in this house only, held by the chief woman rather than the oldest man; consorts of the Aillard women are expected to take their name and their daughters keep the mother's name.

Alar - in the "Ballad of Hastur and Cassilda," brother of Camilla; Alar was a hermit who dwelt by the shores of Hail. Alar attempted to slay Hastur (q.v.) with his own sword, but the blade pierced only the heart of Camilla. In retribution he was chained in Hell with a she-wolf gnawing at his heart.

Aldaran - a family of mountain lords on Darkover, exiled "centuries ago" for a crime so heinous no one ever knew what it was. One body of opinion says "They sold our world to the Terrans." Another opinion feels that they meddled too strongly with other-worldly forces such as the worship of Sharra. Another expressed the opinion that "it was just the usual sort of political maneuvering." In any case, the Aldarans have been much closer to the Terrans than any of the other Great Houses.

Aldones - Lord of Light, a Darkovan Sun-God. Hastur is referred to as the Son of Aldones.

Alton - One of the Great Houses of the Seven Domains, previously called Leynier. Their ancestral home is at Armida, in the foothills of the Kilghard Hills. Valdir Alton (SD) was instrumental in founding the Border Rangers and a system of fire-watching in the hills. His son, Kennard (SD,BS) was the first Comyn to marry a Terran woman; one of their sons was Lew Alton (SA).

Andres Ramirez - (SA,INS) "No one ever knew how a Terran ex-spaceman had come to be coridom in my father's household; I never asked and he never volunteered an explanation; but he had brought us all up."

Andruado - (INS) literally, "one who walks"; hence a border-runner, a Ranger. One of the border guards.

Ardcarran - One of the Dry Towns, notorious for licentious women.

Arilinn - (BS,WW) A city on the plains of Darkover, sometimes known as the Hidden City; site of a Tower Circle, or group of trained matrix telepaths.

Armida - see Alton.

Asharra - (SA) A very ancient sorceress of the Comyn. Her Tower is said to have been raised before there were Terrans on Darkover, and contains at least one entry to another world. Asharra exerted a vampirish influence on younger Comyn sorceresses or Keepers.

Avarra - Goddess of darkness and winter, with attributes of the night sky.

B

banshees - (SD) great birds with terrifying voices, which, although blind, sense their prey by warmth and movement. They are man-tall, flightless, carnivorous, and can disembowel a man with a single stroke. Even bird-watchers don't like them.

barragana - a common-law wife or concubine. This indicates no disparagement of the woman, and it is not an inferior status, but the children of the union are not heirs at law and can be made so only by special arrangement. It implies less freedom for the woman than freemate status (q.v.) but is much less restrictive than marriage di catenas (q.v.)

Barron, Dan - (WD) Dispatcher at Thendara Spaceport, sent on a mission to Valdir Alton. Later possessed by Storn of Storn; eventually married Melitta Storn.

breda - darling; literally, "cherished one", from bredhir, to cherish or adore. It is used between family members, lovers or sworn friends; the male version is bredu and is not considered too sentimental. Diminutive, bredilla, is often used to women but bredillu would be used only to a very young child. Bredin or y-bredin, plural, are those who have sworn an oath of mutual love and fidelity, and is the courteous phrase used by lovers of the same sex, as well.

bre-sui - a term of opprobrium which in the early days of contact between mountain people and valley meant only intolerable conceit (one who loves himself too well) but now when used in direct address is a suggestion to perform an anatomical impossibility upon one's self.

Brynat Scarface - (WD) bandit, conqueror of Storn Castle.

C

Cahuenga - A mountain district northeast of Thendara; from this, the lingua franca of Darkover; the formal tongue of the Comyn is casta. A man from the foothill mountains of the Cahuengas is also occasionally referred to as a Cahuenga.

Callina - (SA) Comyn Keeper, a matrix technician and leronis of great power.

Camilla - in the "Ballad of Hastur and Cassilda," sister of Alar the Hermit. She hopelessly loved Hastur upon his visit to the world-plane, and through the pity of Cassilda took her place in his arms, and thus was slain. She is said to wander forever in the land of shadows. In legendry she is also called la damnee.

cario - dear, valued, highly prized. Can be a term of affection as in vai dom cario. It is also found as caryo.

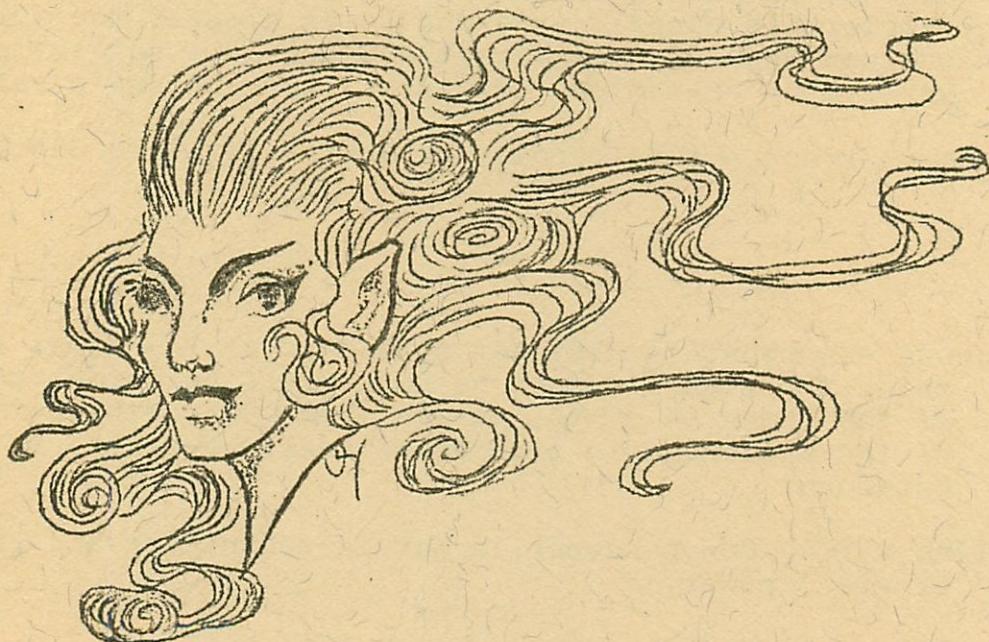
Carthon - (PS) An ancient city in the bend of the River Kadarin serving as a gate both to the Hellers and to the Dry Towns.

Cassilda - usually referred to as "The Blessed Cassilda," or as "Mother of Seveners." In legendry she was the bride of Hastur, and her son, half-human, fathered seven sons who became the founders of the Seven Domains. It is reasonably sure (WW) that there was a historical Cassilda, possibly daughter of Robardin of Reuel and the chieri Kierestelli, who brought the chieri psi gifts into the human line.

casta - pertaining to the aristocracy and their activities; upper class, as casta marriage.

cassette - (INS) a saddlebag or rucksack, usually leather.

castles - a children's game played with crystal pieces on a board.



di catenas - literally, "bracelets;" a form of highly formal ritual marriage, usually entered into only when substantial property rights are involved in heirship; it is the nearest thing to monogamous marriage known on Darkover, although it has the usual permissive attitude to outside affairs provided that they do not cause confusion about the parentage of children. It takes its name from the ritual bracelets worn by both parties, symbolizing mutual possession. (Query: does this stem from the Dry Town custom of literally chaining the hands of women?)

catmen - (DS) a feline race of sapient nonhumans; their pride and arrogance have caused the Dry-towners to model themselves upon the catmen.

chaireth - (WD) stranger or alien; Dry town version is charrat.

chaks - furry, long-tailed half-humans, more intelligent than trailmen, less so than catmen. They are simian; they are usually found only in the Dry Towns. Also called cralmacs.

chi - a catch-all interrogative serving the purpose of what, who or which. For instance; chi zei? Who are you? chi z'voyin qui? What's going on here? and so forth. It is sometimes elided to chi at the beginning of a phrase, transforming the phrase to a question; for instance; Z'voy, you are going, can be transformed to ch'z'voy? Are you going?

chieri - a long-lived, forest-dwelling, one sexed race of proto-humans on Darkover. They are incredibly beautiful, have voices resembling distant music, and are gifted with psychic gifts of great power.

chiya - little girl, child, an affection diminutive. The male version, chiyu, has the same context as "kid" in our society, but is slightly contemptuous.

Cleindori - a Comyn Keeper, mother of Jeff Kerwin in BLOODY SUN. Cleindori means Golden Bell - clein is onomatopoeia for the sound of a bell, orei is gold; hence Clein d'orei.

com'ii - friend, companion; literally meaning "equal." Comyn is derived from this term. It is less close than bredu, but its use is an admission of equality; it is never used to an inferior.

Compact - the ethical basis of Darkovan culture, forbidding the use of any weapon "beyond the arm's reach of the man who wields it." In short, although duels and even wars are not uncommon on Darkover, "he who would kill must take his own chance with death."

Comyn - the Seven Domains; the aristocrats of the Domains.

Comyn Council - a loose ruling body in Thendara, comprised of the heads of the Seven Domains, especially those members who have laran powers. Darkovan theory holds that the best government is the least government, and most rulers do so as a reluctant public duty; the search for political power is almost unknown.

comynara - form of address used to female Comyn.

coridom - a general manager, major-domo or castellan of an estate, literal meaning, "man of the courtyards."

Cortes - ruling body of the city at Thendara. It is also known as the Council of Elders.

cuere - a Darkovan cycle of 48 years.

D

Daillon - one of the Dry Towns.

damisela - polite address for a young woman.

Dammerung Pass - approximately 23,000 feet above the plains, forming the main gate into the far hills past the Wall Around the World, and leading into trailmen country.

Darkover - The fourth planet of "a star so dim it has a name only in star-catalogues," located somewhere "between the upper and lower Spiral Arms of the Galaxy." It is further identified (WW) as Cottman IV. This star is dim and red, and is called by the Terrans "The Bloody Sun." The climate of Darkover is extreme, owing to the tilt of this world on its axis; the inhabited portion is in the far northern climate, and is cold and somewhat inhospitable, with nightly rain in summer, nightly sleet and snow in winter.

domna, dom - polite address for a superior.

donas or dona - a gift, a talent. When capitalized it refers to a specific telepathic power or laran.

donas amizu - literally, "the gift of friends." Specifically refers to homosexual contacts which are an accepted part of adolescence in this world, especially when the involvement is serious and emotional.

Dry Towns - a string of cities lying along the northeast coast of the continent and behind a chain of mountains; they are arid, being an ancient sea-bottom, and inhospitable. The Dry-towners are fierce, intractable, and govern themselves by a system of personal honor (kihar) and feudal loyalties impossible to understand outside them. The Dry-town women are regarded as chattels and the custom requires them to be chained at the wrists as symbol of their ownership by some male or Great House. This custom is regarded with disgust and horror by everyone outside the Dry Towns.

Durraman's Donkey - a proverbial expression for stupidity or deadness. No one now remembers who Durraman was or why he kept donkeys.

E

Elhalyn - One of the Seven Domains of the Comyn, traditionally the royal house. King Stephen IV (INS) and Derek Elhalyn (SA) were both from this house.

embredin - (WD) Ace Books misprint for ombredin, q.v.

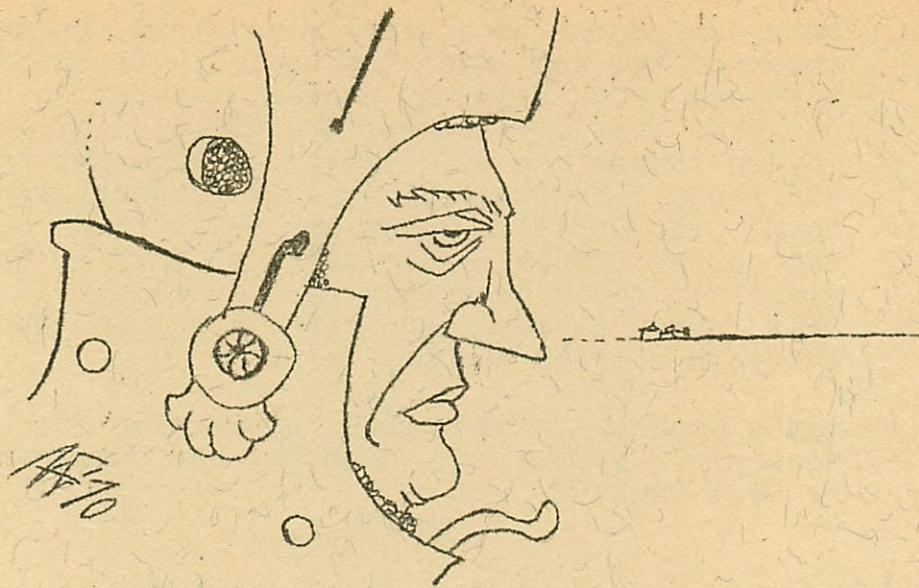
emmasca - literally, "neuter;" more specifically, a woman who has had the neutering operation after entering the Guild of Free Amazons, or a chieri or other single-sexed non-human in a neuter phase. It is also a safe description for an alien or nonhuman whose gender is unknown or irrelevant (a Darkovan proverb states that the sex of a cralmac is of interest only to another cralmac.) Used to a man, it is a deadly insult; be prepared for a challenge and fight to the death if you use it even to an avowed or overt homosexual.

eris - (SD) a strongly scented herb which grows in the Hellers and the Kilghard Hills, used at times to throw trackers off a scent.

Evanda - Darkovan goddess of love, springtime and happiness.

F

Festival Night - a yearly assembly of the Comyn, supposed to commemorate the birthday of Cassilda. It is in part a holiday, with carnivals, balls and dances, and probably stems from ancient fertility rites. Celebrations today are usually more decorous, with the women receiving gifts of flowers and fruit from their family and their lovers. To accept the gift of a starflower and wear it



in one's hair is a decorous acceptance of a proposal or a proposition, whichever has been made.

firi - a strong alcoholic liqueur.

Flamehair - one of the names of Sharra, q.v.

forst - a forest encampment or mountain fort, usually a stronghold of bandits.

Forge-folk - the mountain aborigines, cave-dwellers and worshippers of the fire-goddess Sharra.

Fortua Montani - (INS) literally "luck of the mountains."
The battle-cry of the Leyniers, and allied clans.

Free Amazons - Women's Lib on Darkover. When Darkover was first settled, as with all colonies under unusual gravity-climate-light conditions, for many years women were sterile, then there were many miscarriages, then finally live births. As a result, women became rare, precious and carefully guarded. From this it is a very short step to a protected, unfree status for women. The Guild of Free Amazons presents an honorable alternative for those women who do not wish to accept the restrictions on women. Space prevents a lengthy analysis of their history, but a woman who chooses to become a Free Amazon may enjoy all the legal advantages of maledom. Some (by no means all) are neutered; others continue to accept men as lovers, but they may not marry except as free-mates. A Free Amazon may marry another woman (freemate marriage) and if either woman has a child may become legally the child's father (a status having some advantages over the status of mother in a patrist society.)

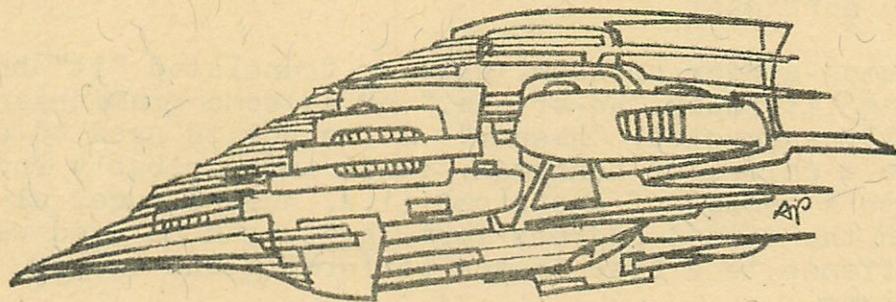
They have been known to be mountain guides, blacksmiths, explorers, professional athletes, and no doubt some will become spacewomen.

freemate - the simplest form of Darkovan marriage, demanding no mutual pledge of fidelity or permanence, and conferring no rights of inheritance for children. A woman who becomes pregnant in freemate status may demand that the child's father support her during the period of pregnancy and for six months thereafter, and if the child's father is richer than her own parents, may insist that the child be reared and sustained by the father; she has no further legal rights. However, if she does not apply for child support the child is hers absolutely and the father has no rights in it.

G

gre'thu - (INS) a vulgar word for fornication; literally, "pounding."

gyrnis - midwife. A byword for meanness is "too stingy to pay the midwife for his first son."



H

Hali - (SA) A lake of mist, in legend the site of the hermitage of Alar, and of Hastur's descent to earth. There is a chapel there where various ancient weapons of the Comyn are hidden.

Hali-imyn - (SD, INS) Those who worship at Hali; an ancient name of the Comyn.

Hastur - (1) In legend, the Son of Aldones; as the "Ballad of Hastur and Cassilda" tells, he was permitted to come to earth in human form and remain there, on the condition that he should not cause pain or death to any mortal. After Camilla's death he was recalled to the Divine Realms, but Cassilda bore his child, who became the forefather of the Comyn. (2) The oldest and most honorable of the Seven Domains of the Comyn.

Hellers - a range of high mountains on Darkover, inhabited largely by trailmen, bandits and nonhumans. They were "profanely christened Hellers by the first Terrans to fly over them in anything lower or slower than a spaceship," because of the dangerous peaks, usually hidden in mist, and the vicious crosswinds and down-drafts.

Hidden City - another name for the city of Arilinn, q.v.

High Kimbi - (INS, PS) a great peak in the mountains; usually considered unclimbable, despite many efforts and expeditions. Regis Hastur was a member of the expedition which finally conquered the peak. He was in his teens at the time.

High Windward - A name given to two mountain homes; in WINDS OF DARKOVER, the site of Storn Castle; in INSOLENCE, the home of the Lanarts.

Hyades - a range of mountains near the Hellers and somewhat to the northeast.

hyt - a common-gender pronoun, usually translated "it" but meaning literally "he-or-she," or as some grammarian recently suggested, "heshe." It is polite used to describe a chieri or nonhuman; it is indescribably rude used to a person of one's own (i.e. human) race, although the direct-address form, hyst, can be used without offense to a Free Amazon performing one of her functions.

I

I.B. - abbreviation for Intelligent Being, a sapient non-human. The Terran Empire is notoriously lenient in assigning I.B. status to unknown races of creatures, since they do not wish to treat potential races of allies, or enemies, as domestic animals. Hostile I.B. races may be warred against but may not be exterminated.

Idriel - one of the four moons of Darkover.

J

jaco - a mildly stimulating hot drink, with a flavor vaguely like that of bitter chocolate, commonplace on Darkover and many Terran Empire planets.

jouette - literally, "a game;" used for sexual contact where there is little emotional involvement. When the contact is homosexual in nature, a bad pun makes this into jou sombredi (the accent here is on the final i.) See ombredin.

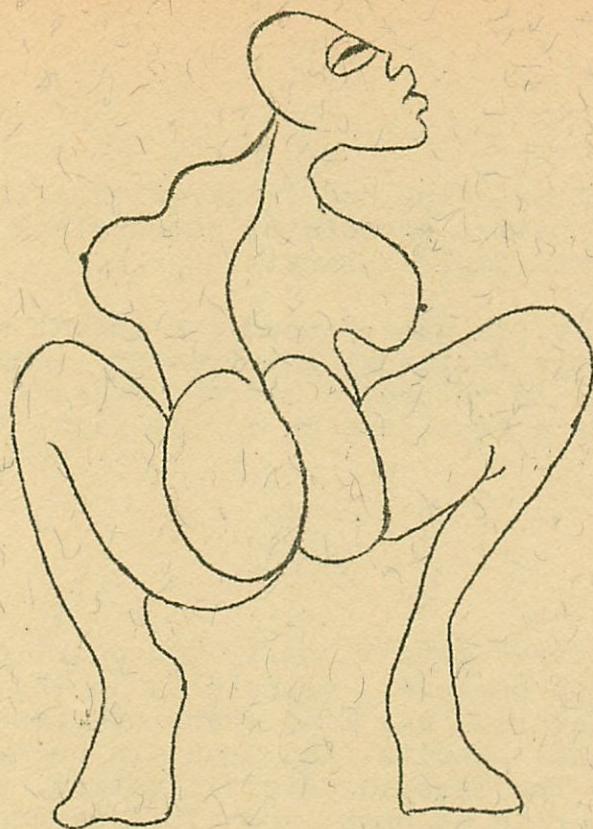
K

Kadarin - (1) A river, traditionally the point of no return for Terrans on Darkover, especially in the early days. Across the Kadarin, the land grows progressively wilder, with nonhumans, bandits, and mountain people; on the near side of the Kadarin is civilization, while the far side is barbarian at best, and often savage. (2) A bastard...i.e. not just an illegitimate son, born out of wedlock, but one whose father is unknown or uncertain. Cahuenga phraseology refers to such a person as a "son of the Kadarin." It has been adopted as a surname many times, in defiance, by a bandit or rebel who was rejecting or casting off his kindred. One of the most notable such men was Robert Raymon Kadarin, one of the leaders of the Sharra movement.

Keeper - a highly trained leronis or matrix technician who is the center of a Tower Circle of telepaths; c.f. BLOODY SUN. By tradition they are women, virginal as a general rule, and they are capable of incredible feats of telepathy and psychokinetics. The Keeper of a Circle usually functions as co-ordinator of the various laran functions involved, putting the seven or eight members of the Circle into touch.

kifirgh - clawed gauntlets worn by Dry-towners, or gladiators, in imitation of the catmen, for the fighting of duels. They are now outlawed, but the sport (?) goes on surreptitiously, despite heavy fines and penalties for participation.

kiha - (BS, INS) A polite form of address for any female relative of one's mother's generation, an aunt or elder cousin; the male version, kihu, represents an uncle, cousin, etc. Strictly speaking, the accent falls somewhat differently when speaking to one's own blood par-



Con R

ents, but monogamy, and known parentage, were latecomers to Darkovan culture, and kiha, or kihu, originally meant simply, "relative of my parental generation" or "foster-mother-or-father-of-my-parent's-circle." It was considered mildly offensive for Kerwin to address Mesyr (BS) in this fashion, because until very recently (say 100 years ago) all members of a Tower Circle were expected, with the exception of the Keeper who was always a virgin, to be a multiple-love group, and they were always of the same generation. The incest taboo on Darkover is specific only against relatives of the parental generation and does not apply to semi-siblings of the Nest. When monogamy arrived (some 500 years ago) the incest taboo applied to parents and those one could legitimately call kiha or kihu. Half-siblings were legitimate lovers, although childbearing was discouraged because of inbreeding, and even full siblings sometimes became lovers, although children, if born, were never allowed to survive. Some Darkovan tragedies have been written on this theme; its most notable violation in modern times was the attempt by Danvan Hastur to marry the immature princess Aleta (INS) to Dyan Ardais after the death of Dyan's son Amory, who had been Aleta's novellante husband. The marriage never took place due to Dyan's disgrace and exile.

kihar - a Dry-town term involving "face" or personal/familial honor and prestige. For instance, a person who is humiliated is said to have lost kihar.

Kilghard Hills - (SD) the foothills of the Hellers, inhospitable high mountains which on any other planet would be mountains in their own right.

kirian - (BS, SD, INS) a strong drug which opens the telepathic faculties, or assists in their use, probably by direct action on the pineal gland. It is colorless and highly volatile, with a smell somewhat like citric acid, and is virtually tasteless. When dropped on the tongue, or sipped as part of a cocktail, it produces a sensation of immediate vast expansion, which is exceedingly unpleasant until one gets used to it. It is used in the training of matrix technicians, to aid concentration, and is given as a remedy for severe attacks of threshold sickness (q.v.)

kyorebni - great birds of prey like lammergeiers, common in the Hellers.

Kyrrdis - the third of the four moons of Darkover, with an iridescent blue-green shimmer.

kyrri - a race of veiled nonhumans who give off an electric shock if inadvertently touched. They are mutes, and frequently act as servants for the Tower people, communicating with them only by telepathy.

L

laran - telepathic power or psychic gifts, usually inherited in the Seven Domains. In the early days of the Comyn, each Domain had a specific laran power; the Ridenow were sensitized to the presence of alien intelligence, the Leyniers (Altions) had the gift of forcing rapport, etc. Much intermarriage has confused the laran gifts so that no one now knows even what the gifts were, let alone what families still inherit or transmit them.

leronis - a woman possessing laran, a sorceress. Plural, leroni.

Liriel - second of the four moons of Darkover, violet in color, and the most beautiful. In legend, Liriel was a chieri whom one of the early Hastur-lords saw and heard singing in the Hyades, and pined away for love. It is still a common given name among the women of the Comyn.

M

matrix - a jewel stone, blue in color, which can focus telepathic power and transmit energy. Smaller ones can be used by anyone capable of clearly visualizing mental patterns; the larger ones demand either exigent telepathic training, or inborn laran for their use. The largest are manufactured, from synthetic materials. If they are completely keyed to their user, they go dead -- i.e., the inner silvery patterns fade and become colorless -- when the user is killed. A matrix can also be destroyed by a determined telepathic onslaught. (SD) They range all the way from near-microscopic to vast screens several feet in diameter. The smaller ones are also called starstones, perhaps because they look somewhat like a star sapphire.

mieru - (INS) cat. This was Gwynn Leynier's nickname in the Guards, because of his self-sufficiency and touch-me-not quality.

N

Naotalba - a demigoddess usually invoked in curses.

'Narr Campaign - (PS) a brief civil war between trailmen and Comyn.

Narzain-ye-kui - (WW) a chieri name, meaning "child of the Yellow Forest." Like Keral (WW) and Narad-zinie, these are "call names;" the chieri language is probably impossible for any human to learn, and their full names, besides being tongue-twisters, are as long as an Entish speech.

nedestro - a bastard, adopted child, or anyone not in the direct line of succession. It carries no opprobrium, and is a perfectly polite description for anyone. Legitimacy is not usually an issue on Darkover, but there are degrees of paternal rights, far too complex for discussion in a brief survey. The only way to insult a Darkovan about paternity or lack of it is to refer to him as "six-fathered." This indicates that his mother was so promiscuous that she cannot herself name the father of her child, and that all of the putative fathers, be they two or fourteen, must provide for maternal care and expenses of the confinement, etc.

Nest - (INS) (1) A trailman extended family or homeplace. (2) A multiple love-group. Among telepaths it is difficult or impossible to conceal sexual attraction and monogamy is rare. The Nests are gatherings which indulge these multiple strands of attraction. During a rare period of prudishness in the Darkovan history, some polemic speechmaker spoke of this custom vitriolically as "Transforming the sacred halls of the heirs of Hastur and Cassilda into abodes of licentiousness more shameful than the Nests of the filthy trailmen." This was ridiculous on two counts -- among other things, the trailmen are both clean and monogamous. However, the term "Nests" was adopted, in defiance.

Nevarsin - (INS) a monastery in the Hellers, carved from living rock, and for a long time the major repository of learning and education. Both Regis Hastur and Dyan Ardais were educated there. The name means "City of the Snows." It is the only known Christian institution in the country, and no one knows how Christianity came to be preserved, even in the Sanctuary of St. Valentine.

novellante - (INS, SA) A custom designed to lessen the severe restrictions on Sevener, or Comyn, noblewomen. The girl is "married," at eight or nine, or even younger, to a family with which an alliance is desired; by a legal fiction, she becomes a member of that family, and the brothers, cousins, etc., of her novellante husband have the privileges of kinfolk, as do all her sisters. By custom, young girls are allowed to associate freely only with their own kinfolk, but if three girls in a family are given in novellante marriage to young boys of three separate families, this gives them a goodly assortment of suitable playfellows and companions. There is, however, a catch to it -- if the girl and boy wish, when they arrive at years of discretion (thirteen for a girl, fourteen for a boy) they may make the marriage a fully legal casta marriage simply by consummation, and no one can stop them. Under normal circumstances, the bond is released, when either desires to marry anyone else, by taking a simple mutual oath that the marriage has not been consummated; even after the novellante is broken, however, the privileges of kinfolk remain for all family members.

Old One - a trailman chief or head of a clan. The title is honorific; an Old One may be young. It has been suggested that the title in trailman language is more accurately translated "Highly revered superior" but was originally tracable to the fact that in the trailmen's

history, the oldest surviving grandfather of the tribe became leader because of his years of wisdom. Considering the fierce natural selection in such a climate, any trailman who survived for fifty or sixty years would be damned intelligent and lucky.

sombredin - a homosexual; an effeminate. Literally, uom bre' d'imyn, "a lover of men." The word is descriptive, not insulting. A bad pun makes this sombredin, "a walker among shadows," "a shadow-man," i.e. something less than male.



P

paxman - (WW, INS) a sworn servant, squire, retainer; originally, one sworn by oath to keep peace between his family and your own, hence a sort of feudal vassal.

People of the Sky - the trailmen's name for themselves.

Permanedal or Permanedo - Motto of the Hasturs, either form correct, meaning "We remain" or "Here I stand."

preciosa - precious; a term of endearment.

Q

Quimus qui tal Deyo - literally, "we are here with our God;" in effect, "let us give praise to God." The rising call at Nevarsin Monastery.

R

raiva - (WW) casta word meaning "rooted" or "ripe;" in a plant or animal, it implies fertility. Applied to a human it indicates nubility or fertility, capable of impregnating or being impregnated.

reis - a Darkovan coin, about one-fourth of a Terran credit.

rhu fead - a holy place; a temple.

S

sandal-wearer - an insult; men on Darkover wear boots; only women and effeminate wear sandals. Thus, to call a man sandal-wearer attacks his masculinity.

S'dia, shaya - a formal greeting; literally, "You lend me grace."

seconde - pronounced seh-KON-deh. A lieutenant or second-in-command; an aide.

sekal - an extremely small coin, about a third of an inch in diameter and now of such small value that it will purchase nothing, hence, a synonym for valuelessness. Anything "not worth a sekal" is worthless indeed.

Shainsa - one of the Dry Towns, located in an ancient ocean bed.

shallan - a sweet, mildly alcoholic beverage suitable for children and young ladies.

shallavan - a viciously addictive drug with hallucinatory properties, exceedingly dangerous in overdoses, and illegal except under competent supervision.

Sharra - the ancient forge-goddess, worshipped in the mountains; probably an other-worldly force which could be contacted through matrixes. Also called the Flamehair, and the Golden-chained, as she is always portrayed with golden chains.

shegri - (DS) an ancient and decadent bet involving torture, especially in the Dry Towns. Now illegal.

skean - a small knife, usually worn in the boot. Probably from sgian-dhu, Gaelic for a small knife, probably derived from ceremonial Highland regalia in prehistory.

s'kiri kihu - (INS) literally, "falcon's son;" a term of praise or flattery for a youth.

Son of the Ape - Dry-towner insult for Terrans.

Spaceman's Orphanage - a large institution in Thendara for the orphaned children of personnel stationed at Darkover Spaceport or on nearby planets. Jeff Kerwin (BS) and Lew Alton's daughter Marja (SA) spent time there. Darkover is located between the upper and lower arms of the Galaxy and is therefore a crossroads planet, more centrally located than it seems.

Speranzu - (INS) literally, "hope." The name assumed by a mysterious wanderer in the Hyades; he gave assistance to Regis Hastur when he was lost in the mountains. His real identity is known only to the initiated.

su serva - (INS) ignorant mountain dialect for z'par servu; "at your service."

Syrtis - (WW, INS) A lesser clan of the Leyniers; Lord Felix and his son, Danilo, who became paxman to Regis Hastur, had their family holding at Syrtis, and Domenic Lindir was a younger kinsman of that branch.

T

Tallo - (BS) literally, "copper" (a precious metal on Darkover); slang, "Red" or "Redhead."

telepathic damper - (SA, BS, WD, WW) a gadget which, when turned on, acts as a "scrambler" and protects against random telepathic interference or eavesdropping, delib-

erate or accidental. It is also used in matrix-operated aircraft, and in matrix laboratories, to screen out unwanted brainwaves.

Terranan, fem. Terránis - a disparaging or insulting Darkovan term for people from guess where.

Thendara - the ancient city where the Elhalyn line of Kings of the Comyn reigned; the Terran Trade City now adjoins it so closely that it is hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins, a state of affairs not entirely to the liking of either party. Darkover Spaceport, one of the largest spaceports in this part of the Galaxy, is located near Thendara. A Terran Legate, stationed there (SA) is supposed to act as liaison officer between the two.

threshold sickness - an ailment common to those inheriting laran, which usually comes on at adolescence or puberty. Psi powers are a brain function, and when they begin to develop, the inability to control them or function with them causes weird seizures collectively known as threshold sickness. In the milder forms the symptoms resemble migraine headaches, with visual scotoma and other mild phenomena, vague disorientation and sensations of unreality; in severer form it may take such varied symptomatology as convulsive seizures, vertigo (often severe) hallucinations, disorientation and psychotic episodes. The treatment of choice is close rapport between the developing telepath, in adolescence, with an older telepath who can demonstrate the use and control of the gifts; in such cases, episodes of sickness are rare and mild. Kirian is sometimes given to alleviate more serious symptoms, but the only effective treatment is training in the use of the psi powers.

trailmen - (PS) homo arborens. Nocturnal, nyctalopic semi-humans who apparently paused at an intermediary evolutionary stage, while other groups became the chieri. Trailmen have reddish eyes and light fur all over the body, have only recently discovered the use of fire, take no life (they are strictly vegetarian) and build elaborate cities in the branches of the great forest trees, with well-constructed trails and roads many feet above the ground.

vai - prefix of honor, literally "worthy." As in vai dom "worthy Lord."

Vainwal - a pleasure planet located somewhere in the Terran Empire.

var - a measure of distance; about a mile and a half.

Varzil the Good - an ancient sorcerer in the days before Keepers were always women. He is reputed to be the discoverer of various herbs and their uses.

W

Wall Around the World, the - a high range of mountains leading into trailmen country, in the very heart of the Hellers. So named because in prehistory it was believed to be the very end of the world. Since no human being could cross it (it has still not been fully explored, and even traversing the passes, without oxygen, is a dangerous feat) it was believed that beyond it there was nothing at all.

Y

Ya-men - (DS) A range of curious and dangerous nonhumans who turn cannibal when the Ghost Wind blows.

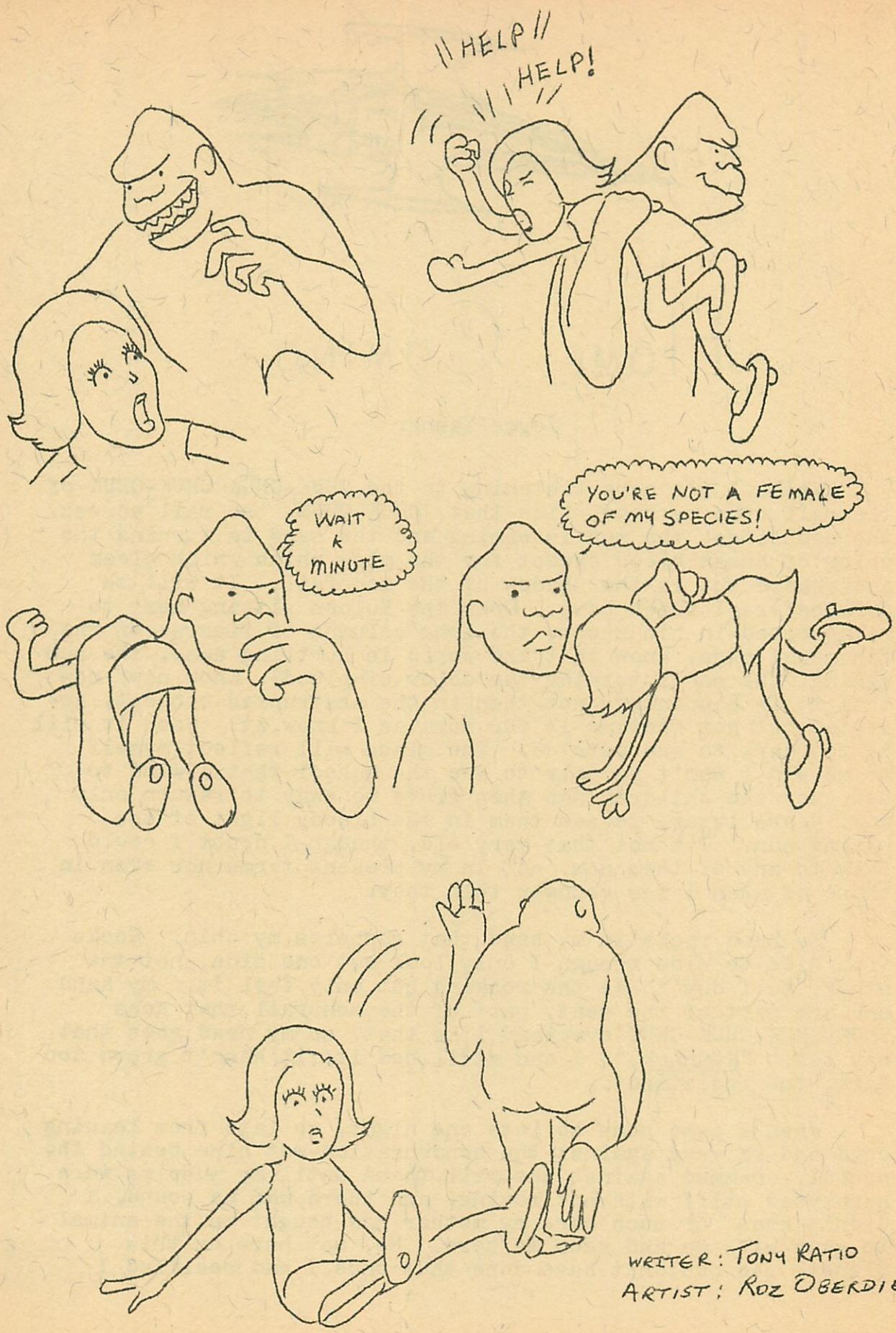
Z

Zancaduillas - (INS) "Master long-legs." A name given to Speranzu.

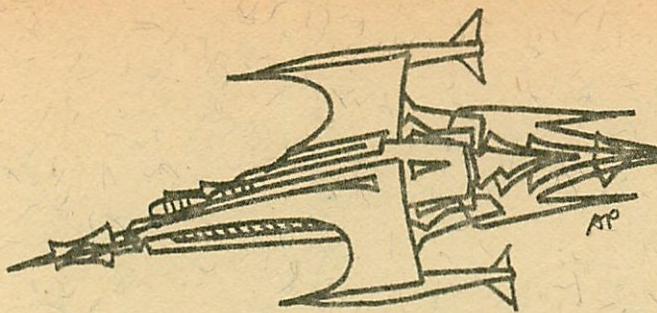
Zandru - ancient god of evil and winter. He is in command of scorpion whips, and of nine hells, which range from colder to coldest. For some reason the second is said to be the worst. A common joke at Nevarsin is to say that the fifth Hell is "just the ordinary Darkovan winter."

Z'par servu - the most formal Darkovan greeting, literally "I am here to serve you." The polite answer to this is: S'dia, shaya, or "You lend me grace."





WRITER: TONY RATIO
ARTIST: ROZ OBERDIECK



HOME COMING

Joyce Yasner

While I sit here listening to the CHUK-CHUK CHUK-CHUK of the rail over my head, like that, CHUK-CHUK, the rail across the couplings, the sun is waning and the sand is turning the color of human blood except for the mica chips which gleam everywhere but in the shadow of the monorail. It will be dark before I reach home. Does the Vulcan sitting next to me absorbed in his paper, the long columns of figures on the financial page, know that the world is hurtling away, the sun waning, the sands turning the color of blood? Know now, now that it is happening, not then in the abstracted concept, accepted but not knowing it for sure as I know it? Soon it will be too dark to see outside. The glass will reflect myself to me and I won't be able to see the school that I want to see, nor the children who then drove me away to return only now, years later, to see them in the bloody light of the waning sun. I'm not that very old, though I doubt I could talk to any of them now, not in my present terms nor even in those of when I was younger than they.

My head rocks in my hand that supports my chin. Rocks from side to side though I only look out one side, not the other, so I don't see the rocking but only feel it. My hand and arm part of the seat, part of the monorail that goes CHUK-CHUK CHUK-CHUK overhead like that, so my head goes that way too. "Kennack." I can still see it; it hasn't grown too dark, too indistinct.

When I came home so late one night, so late from leaning cold and shivery against the condensation-wet pipe behind the school, crammed against the wall there until my muscles were paralyzed stiff with not moving, and there was no sound, I didn't know or much care my mother had bought me the animal to stay with me and keep me here. No, not here on this planet, she couldn't have done that once I had realized I

must go away, but in the present real and somewhat awful world of sounds. I came into the house in practiced stealth, circling away from house central to my room. But they had heard me come in. She would've been listening quietly because I had frightened her. Sarek an unmotivated patience, merely waiting, nothing else. I could hear Sarek talk to my mother some nights, in the semi-conscious dream-trance of almost-sleep. In a quiet, insistent voice he explained, "I must train him. It was agreed." I was the subject of these debates, and I stayed awake listening in the dark, waiting on the fine edge of unconsciousness, some final outcome. What believe but there had been some mistake? Some mistake beyond any childish comprehension, and an unknown reparation due.

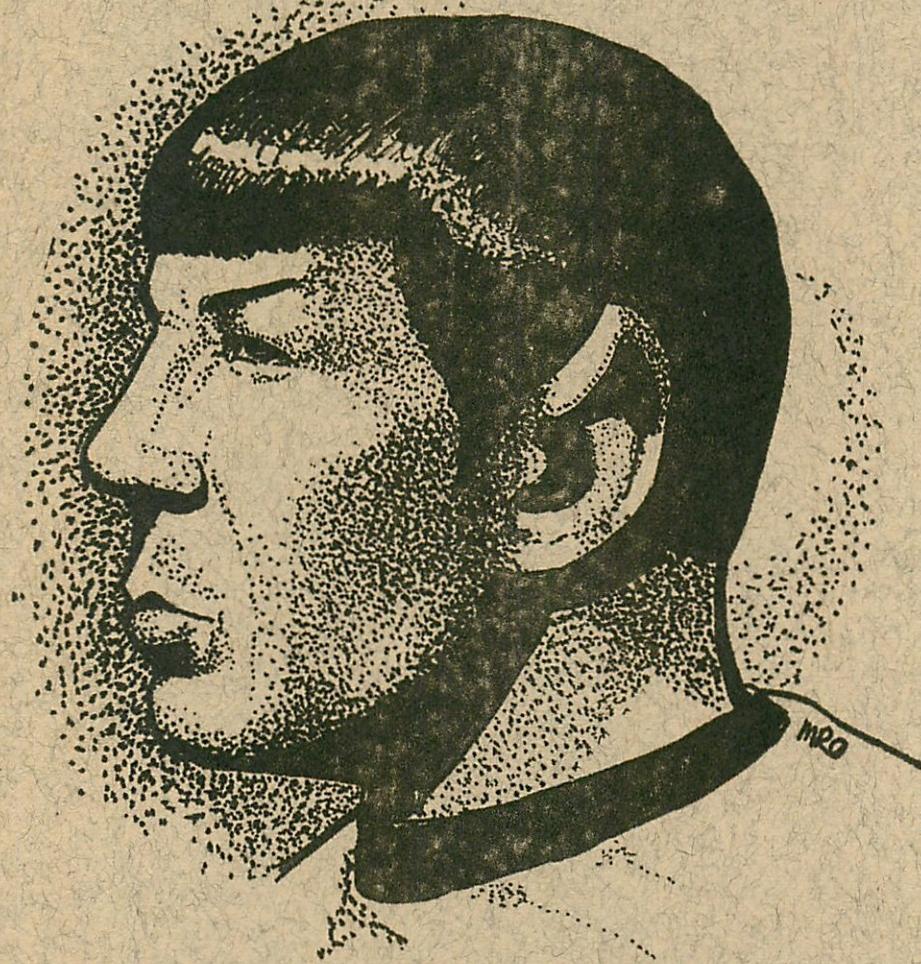
She let me eat, keeping him away. I remember she kept him away just then, and I liked her for that that night. Then, when I was done and the plates were washed and put away, her hand on my shoulder, she guided me into the very dark courtyard. The tiles were cold, my feet bare. While I stood blind nearby she stumbled in the dark to find the light-switch. "I wish to know where he was," Sarek said, so eluded by her. "Where were you? What happened now that you're out so late?" And I thought someone must answer, someone. I stood there looking at her face, waiting, feeling Sarek behind me silently watching what I would do. But this was her surprise. The light came on after my eyes had adjusted to the dark and so I still couldn't see the sehlat. She had tied its leash to the bench and it stood brace-legged in the dark. Perhaps she thought it would be asleep because most of her Earth animals did that. She stooped, her knees cracking, to untie it, and I came up closer to see. She told me: "He's yours, to keep and play with and feed." His eyes were a sad mournful patient brown looking back into my head,



my eyes. How like I felt in his soft thick fur like mink. He pressed up against my legs, placing his head against my thigh.

When both of them had left, the thing was done. I would stay. I sat down on the cold tile floor and he walked all around and over me. He was heavy and fat and his hard-toed feet hurt where he stepped on my chest, and stomach, and arms. He was a fine thing for me, and I grew to like him very much.

I blink a mental shrugging off. The Vulcan beside me doesn't notice. The rail stops and I get off, descend in the elevator with my bag between my knees. It isn't far from the station to the house though in the dark it looks like several miles. My surprise to her on my first vacation. The reciprocal move to balance the debt incurred so many years ago.



DARK SHADOWS

THINGIE

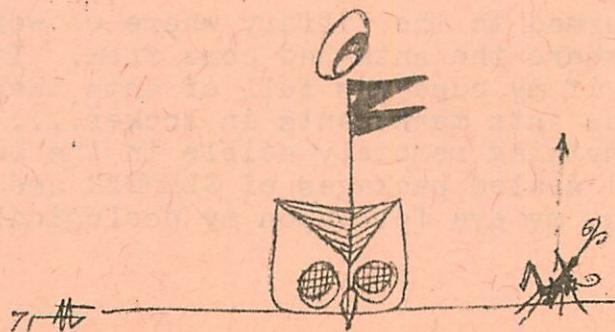
by
Marian Turner

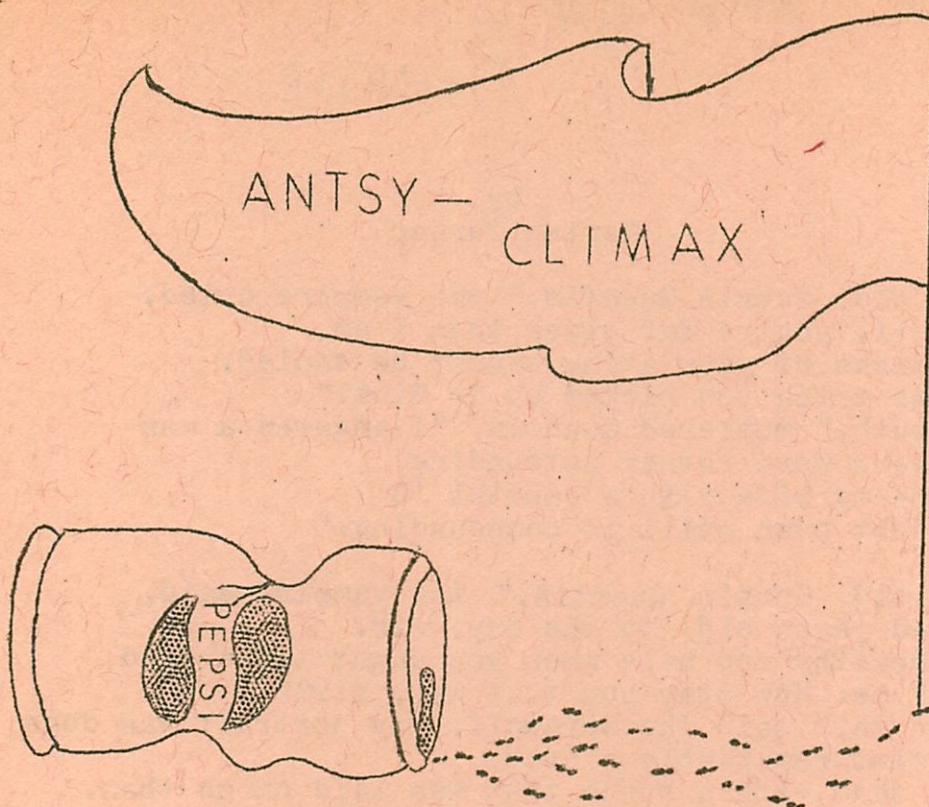
"You are old, Cousin Quentin," the vampire cried,
 "All in all, you're far older than I am.
 Yet the marks of your aging cannot be espied.
 Is it some trick you picked up in Siam?"
 "In my youth," muttered Quentin, "I angered a man
 Whose powers were rather astounding.
 He gave me my life with a capital 'L'
 And the debt even still is compounding."

"You are old, Cousin Quentin," the vampire said,
 "A thousand years old, to the day, sir.
 You are healthy and hale when you ought to be dead.
 Pray tell me: How stay you that way, sir?"
 "In my youth," said the werewolf, "my portrait was done
 By an artist remarkably clever.
 Coupling that with a curse that was laid on me then,
 I'll be hale and hearty forever."

"You are old, Cousin Quentin," the vampire said,
 "You attempt self-destruction near daily.
 Just today your noose failed and you fell on your head,
 Yet here you sit, drinking quite gaily."
 "In my youth," moaned the failure, "I nearly died twice,
 Dispatched by my wife and her maid, sir.
 I wanted to live, and for that one mistake
 I've aptly and drunkenly paid, sir."

"You are old, Cousin Quentin," the vampire nagged,
 "I think that senility's present.
 I've asked you three times how you stay young and hale,
 Once more and I might get unpleasant."
 "In my youth," screamed the victim, "I would've complied
 And answered your questions untiring.
 But now there is nothing on earth that I fear --
 Look out, or you'll wake up expiring."





by Devra Michele Langsam

"You've got an ant on your neck," Barbara said.

We were in Chock-Ful-O'-Nuts, waiting for some of the dumb high school students to clear out so that we could have lunch. I'd been complaining of the heat and the consequent itching on my neck and shoulders.

"An ant?" I repeated brilliantly. And 'twas so - only not an ant, but rather lots and lots of ants. Shuddering violently, I brushed off my neck, reaching inelegantly up under my tunic to try to clean off my back (to the admiring wonder of the other customers.)

Further examination revealed that my cape was also aswarm with ants. With a major effort, I refrained from casting all my clothes out into the street, and had lunch, still pursued by that horrible feeling of something crawling on me.

Barbara and I returned to the library where we work, and I tried to figure out where the ants had come from. It slowly occurred to me that if my cape was full of ants then... Cape kept in locker plus ants meant ants in locker.... I proceeded to throw away anything remotely edible in the locker. Just after discarding 4 sealed packages of SLENDER and an open package of tissues, my eye fell upon my ecological collection bag.

This bag, a plastic one, was sitting innocently on the floor of the locker, and was about half-full of aluminium cans.

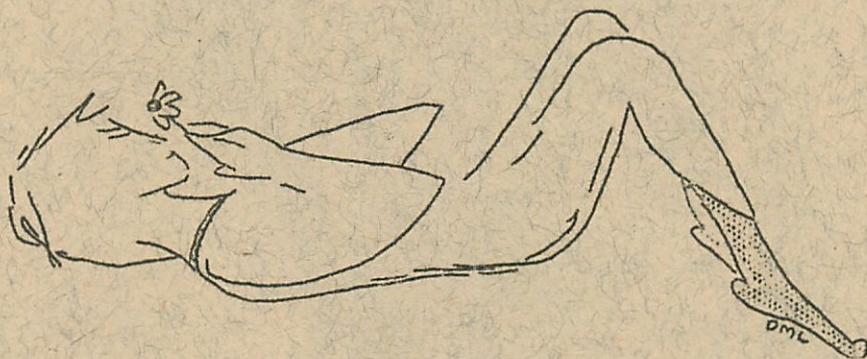
The light dawned - an unsquished Pepsi can! Most of the aluminium cans that I collect from the gutters on my way to and from work ($\frac{1}{2}$ penny each, 10¢ a pound) have been mashed by the automobiles of New York. They are about as capable of supporting life as Mars. This particular morning, however, greed had overcome me, and I'd collected a whole can, still slightly damp with the elixir of life - to wit, its former sugary contents.

Hastily I seized the offending bag of cans and rushed to the staff john. The whole bag was slithering with nasty little ordinary-garden-type ants. Uttering faint squeaks, I plunged the unsquished can into the john, and washed out an entire nation of ants. (Genocide! Destruction of national identity!) The water was absolutely black with massive clots of heaving ants. (And I used to think that that kind of thing only happened to Liz Fishman.)

After drowning the over-eager colony, I carefully (you'd better believe it) picked over the rest of the bag, and my cape, for fugitives.

I spent the rest of the afternoon imagining ants creeping over my ankles. But yesterday I started picking up cans again - even a half-full one - which conclusively proves one of three things: I'm an incredibly virtuous and dedicated person, I'm incredibly miserly (1 can = $\frac{1}{2}$ cent = 45 ants?) or else I'm crazy. Probably the latter.

Anyone want to buy an ant colony, real cheap?

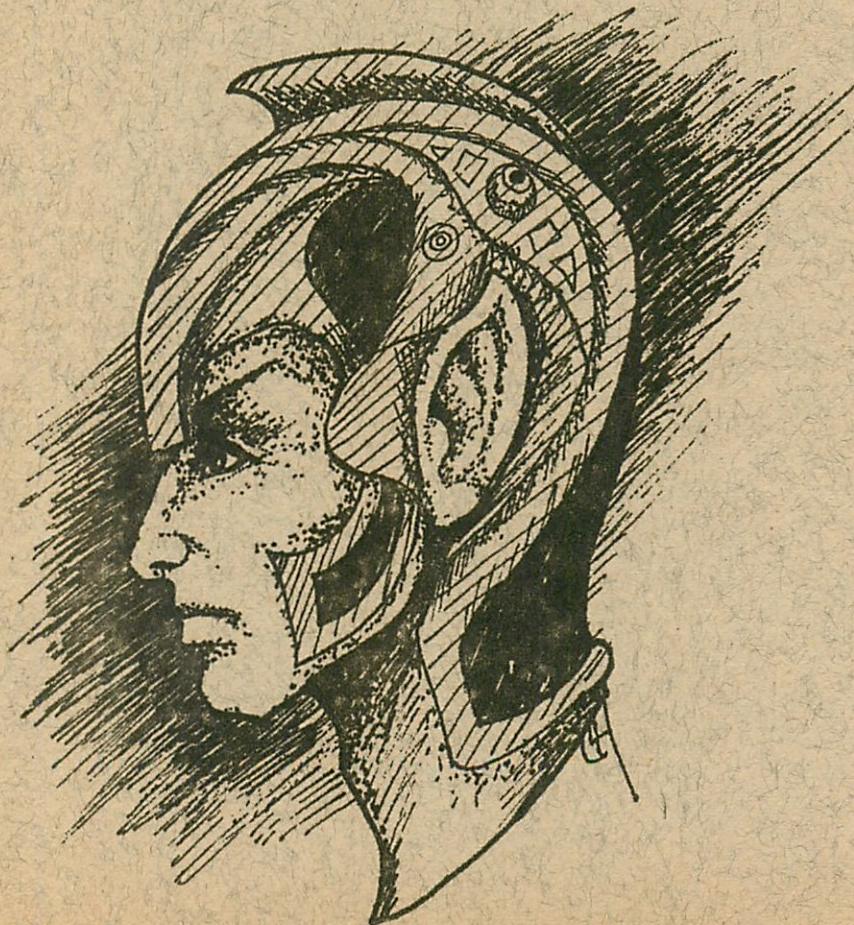


The age of puberty is when your fig leaf sprouts.
Banks Mebane

ENIGMA,

by Claudia Jane Peyton

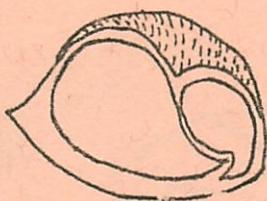
The riddle inside a puzzle
within an enigma
Just cracked open today.
And almost no one knows why.
I watched the Captain
as he walked through the hall afterward,
And his face was frightening to see.
Spock, the enigma,
looked like a ghost.
His hands trembled,
and his eyes were unusually bright.
I watched as he walked by unsteadily,
refusing all help,
seemingly repelled by those around him.
I looked for the third member of the shore party:
the new girl on the bridge.
I once had thought
that perhaps she and Spock. . .
But how should I know?
Eventually, a stretcher was carried by,
completely covered with a sheet.
I stopped the Doctor
and asked where Marda was.
He looked like he might cry
and simply turned back the sheet:
The stretcher was littered with robot parts.



ANOTHER NASTY PUZZLE

by
Miriam Z. Langsam

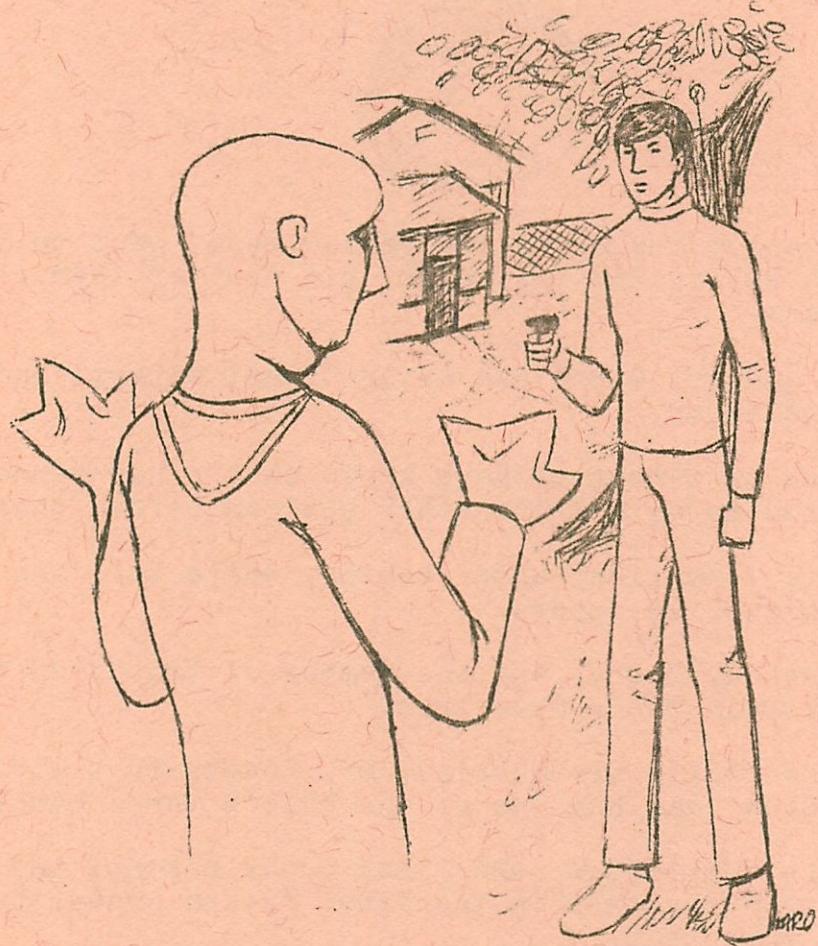
An eight-man spaceship is composed of four teams: White, Green, Blue, and Yellow. The crewmembers are Biggs, Kinneson, Foyle, Wells, Verne, Rogers, Capek, and Icarson. Match the men's first names (Isaac, Keith, Sprague, Harlan, Robert, Harry, Yuri, Philip) with their last names, and assign them to their correct teams.



1. Isaac, senior member of the Yellow team, went to Cadet school with Philip and Mr. Wells, but none of them serve on the same team.
2. Sprague and Mr. Capek are navigational experts and serve on different teams.
3. The Green team members have known each other since childhood, but had never met the other six men before this flight.
4. The White team likes upper berths, while Yuri and the rest of the crew dislike uppers.
5. Mr. Kinneson, Harry, and one member of the Green team like to play poker in their free time.
6. Keith and Philip are married, Mr. Rogers is a widower, while the Blue team has two of the ship's three bachelors.
7. Mr. Foyle, Mr. Biggs (who likes upper berths) and Mr. Icarson served together on the First Saturn probe, but are not on the same team.
8. Mr. Verne and Robert, science officers, had never been further out in space than Mars, but had shipped out together to Venus with another member of the crew.
9. Isaac, the second oldest member of the crew, Mr. Verne, Mr. Foyle (the only redhead on the crew) and Harlan (who only knew one of the others before the flight began) drink scotch. Yuri, who is the third single member of the crew, drinks vodka.
10. Harry, who is completely bald, is not a member of the Blue or White teams. Keith, Mr. Capek, and the scotch drinkers like classical music of the Twentieth Century.

CLEAN HOUSE POEM
by
Eleanor Arnason

The roaches come out
On little roach feet
And find there's nothing
At all to eat.



PLANE POEM
by
Eleanor Arnason

What do you know.
We made it down.
If it weren't so dirty,
I'd kiss the ground.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T...

by Mary Rosalind Oberdieck

"Is it safe to use?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it's just that the readings look kind of, well, peculiar," said Kyle, the transporter chief, who seemed genuinely puzzled.

"Can they be adjusted?"

"I think so."

"Well, I suggest you adjust them," Kirk said, rather annoyed and surprised at the crewman's hesitancy. "We have an errand on the planet that needs to be taken care of."

"Yes, sir," said the transporter chief, pushing buttons and turning dials. His guilty expression faded into a relieved smile. "All instruments read safe and normal."

"Good," said Kirk. "McCoy, Spock, I'll see you when you beam up. We need only a few more samples of the flora of this planet, and I thought you might enjoy the view, Doctor."

McCoy grinned.

"And Mr. Kyle," said Kirk in a serious tone, "I think you'd better pay more attention to your work. If it's not necessary, don't ask for everyone else's say-so. You've got a head; use it."

"Yes, sir," said the transporter chief.

Dr. McCoy and Mr. Spock stepped into the transporter, arranging themselves on the discs in the floor of the unit. McCoy looked about with a faint uneasiness; he never did like the transporter. The thought of being disassembled, molecule by molecule, and then being rebuilt somewhere else, would disquiet any sane man, at least to McCoy's thinking. The unit hummed and buzzed, being primed for activation.

"Ready, sir," said the transporter chief to Spock, who had assumed his position easily and without concern.

"Energize," said Spock. The chief pushed the lever slowly forward. The figures of the two faded slightly, electrical

sparks flickering through their images, then disappeared altogether. In a glade on the planet's surface, the reverse happened; McCoy and Spock materialized and looked around.

"Materialization complete," said Spock into his communicator, and put it away after receiving an acknowledgement from the ship.

"I never could stand that thing," said McCoy. "Don't see why we can't use a shuttlecraft."

"By using a shuttlecraft for such a small project as gathering biological samples," Spock said quietly, "there would be unnecessary waste of time, efficiency and fuel. Your desire for the use of the shuttlecraft seems most illogical."

"Maybe to you it does," said McCoy defensively, "but it would save me a lot of anxiety and stomach cramps."

Spock raised an eyebrow and was silent.

"C'mon, let's get to work," said McCoy.

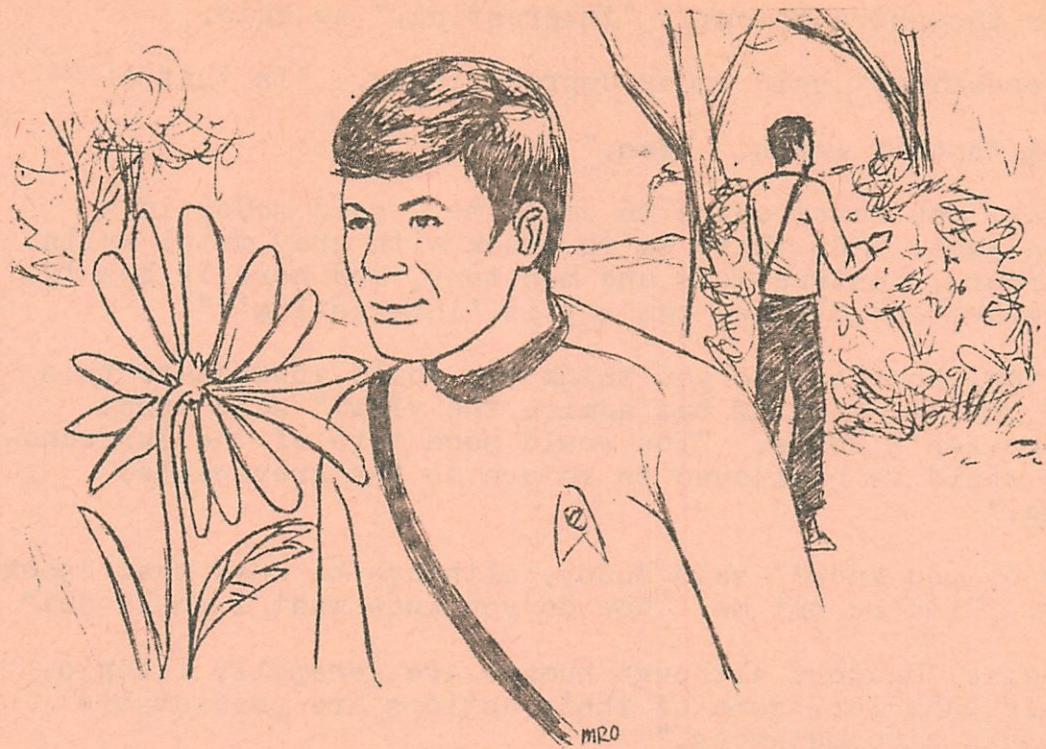
The glade was green and sunlit, scented by exotic blooms, some like pink spiders, some like chartruse puffs of fur, that splashed brilliant color throughout the quiet scene. The gravity on the little planet was a fraction of that on Earth, which caused one's step to be very light and springy. The temperature was moderate, and it brought visions of a Terran spring to McCoy's mind. "Beautiful," he said. Spock said nothing; he was busy taking samples of a low bush with dark shiny leaves and light green flowers. McCoy shook his head and pitied Spock that he could not appreciate the beauty of the land, the air, the flowers.

Meanwhile, Spock held delicately between thumb and forefinger one of the small, light green blossoms.

"Such perfect symmetry, as if it had been carefully planned by a draftsman," he thought. He examined the flower more closely. "No stamens or ovaries that I can recognize. Fascinating. We shall have to study this species thoroughly," thought Spock, putting the specimen carefully into the sample box.

McCoy sniffed a large red flower that looked like a cross between a daisy and a carnation.

"You know, it's a shame we have to destroy some things in order to study them," he said, holding the stem of the flower lightly in one hand. "Oh well, knowledge has its



price." McCoy stooped and carefully started digging about the roots of the plant, as if performing a delicate operation. After he had loosened it sufficiently, he lifted the plant up, shaking excess soil away from the roots, and gently put the plant into the long, rectangular refrigerated sample box.

McCoy and Spock worked silently. About an hour later, their specimen trays were nearly filled. They walked along together, looking up at the flower-laden trees and shrubs, which seemed to be the only life there, outside of the numerous small insects. There was a wealth of beauty in nature on this planet, and all the life here would be catalogued later. For now, the representative sample would be enough.

"Nice place all right," said McCoy absently. "Wish there were some way of taking a little of this back to the ship; make sort of like a botanical garden in the sky."

Spock raised an eyebrow. "There are already gardens aboard ship, Doctor."

"Bah," said McCoy. "A hydroponic garden. No blue sky, no clouds, no grass on the ground, not even real dirt. Why, that's hardly a garden at all...." McCoy's voice dwindled, and he thought for a moment. "What do you think about it here, Mr. Spock?"

Spock thought a moment. "Interesting," he said.

"Interesting?" said McCoy deprecatingly. "Is that all?"

Spock thought again. "Yes."

"Spock, you never cease to amaze me," said McCoy in a tolerating tone. "Up there we're stuck with grey metal walls, lights, orders, instructions and monotony, and here is beauty, peace, freedom and all you can say is 'interesting'?"

"Doctor, how long do you think you would appreciate this planet if you did nothing but admire the view?" said Spock in his lecturer's voice. "You would soon tire of the surroundings, and would be overjoyed to return to the grey-walled Enterprise."

"How do you know?" said McCoy, although he knew that Spock was right. "You're not me. How do you know what I would do?"

"Because, Doctor, although humans are generally illogical in their behavior, some of their actions are predictable under certain circumstances."

"Well, maybe that's so," said McCoy for argument's sake, "but how do you know I won't be the exception to the rule?"

Spock sighed. "I could counter-challenge you by inquiring why you think you are any different or superior to your fellow humans. You appear to me quite representative of all human failings in one convenient assemblage."

"Well!" said McCoy, pretending to be outraged. "Let's not call names, Mr. Spock."

"Why do you insist on starting a pointless argument?" said Spock, who had grown rather tired of the game.

"Touche," said McCoy, smiling.

Spock gave McCoy a hard look and took out his communicator. "Spock to transporter room."

"Transporter room, Kyle here," answered the communicator.

"Landing party ready to beam up."

"Standing by," said the voice.

Spock waited a moment. "Energise," he said.

"Just a moment, sir," Kyle's voice blurted. "The readings show an adjustment necessary. I'll have it in a minute," he said quickly.

McCoy stood smiling, pleased with himself.

"I actually made you angry," he said, grinning smugly at Spock. The Vulcan looked like a mildly surprised mannequin.

"Indeed?" he said quietly. "I am not aware of such a fact."

"Never mind," said McCoy, still smiling. "It's just that a Vulcan's behavior is predictable under certain circumstances."

Spock was now somewhat exasperated, and were it not for his being Vulcan, he might have given a tart reply.

"Ready to transport, sir," said Kyle's voice at last.

"Energise," said Spock. With the familiar electrical humming and sparks, the two men faded out slowly.

Aboard ship in the transporter room they began to materialize, but their beaming in was sluggish and the images of the two men were fuzzy. Kyle's heart jumped into his throat. All in a split second, he stared at his indicator dials, winced with panic and adjusted the lock-on, turning knobs and flipping toggles rapidly. Looking back up to the unit, he could see the fading-in images grow sharper and more distinct. The materialization completed itself and Chief Kyle sighed with relief.

McCoy shivered. "See? What'd I tell you? This thing is about as safe as. . ." He had turned to face Spock, but instead of seeing a Vulcan, he found a Ship's Senior Medical Officer staring quizzically at him. "Hey, what's going on here. . ." he said, his voice dwindling to a weak whisper when he realized the person standing a foot away from him was not a mirror image, but actually a person. A pang shot through him, and he stared at the man next to him. "It's not some kind of trick," said a voice, a strange voice in his throat. The person standing beside him nodded in solemn agreement. "Oh," moaned McCoy softly, and slowly raised a hand to the face he was behind and felt it.

The other person looked at him with a mixture of indignation and displeasure as McCoy felt up a firm, boney cheek, then over deep set eyes and eyebrows that didn't seem quite right. McCoy stood aghast as he realized the worst with the touch of a hand on a delicately pointed ear. "Oh, no. . ." he mumbled softly. "Oh, no."

"Unfortunately, 'oh, yes,'" said what must have been Spock. "Indeed fascinating," he said, in McCoy's soft, awed voice.



"Why? Why did this happen? Why us?" said the former McCoy, his new voice pathetic.

"I am equally dismayed, if not more so," said Spock. "However, this should prove a fascinating experience."

"Fascinating?" said McCoy, horrified. "How can you possibly say that? Why don't you try 'catastrophic' or 'disasterous,' just to be starting a mile-long list of similar adjectives?"

Spock almost winced, or at least seemed very disturbed by McCoy's behavior. "Please dispense with the unnecessary and degrading display of emotion," he said firmly.

"Oh, sure! Unnecessary and degrading! To you maybe, but not to me! It's the only part of me left to myself and I intend to display such emotion at will!"

"We should try to logically decide what has caused this problem, and to logically solve it," Spock said flatly, ignoring McCoy's threat.

"Well, how?" McCoy almost shouted.

"By ceasing the emotional reaction in order to free the mind for logical thinking," said Spock quietly.

While all this was going on, Mr. Kyle was staring open-mouthed at the two men on the transporter unit. Suddenly, Dr. McCoy had a near-Harvard accent instead of a Georgian, and in general was acting remarkably Spock-like, while the person with the pointed ears, usually unemotional and efficient, was nearly falling apart at the seams! Kyle punched a button for the bridge.

"Transporter room to Captain," he said in a quiet, bewildered voice.

"Kirk here, what's going on?"

"I'm not sure, sir, but I think it's an emergency."

There was a pause. "On my way."

"All right, all right," said the person that used to be Spock. "What could have caused something like this to happen?"

"Mr. Kyle," said what used to be McCoy. "Before we beamed down you mentioned to the captain unusual readings on the transporter unit. What was the exact nature of the readings?"

"Well," said Kyle, looking uneasily at man and Vulcan, "the readings looked like somebody was holding a very strong magnet over the indicator dials; the power seemed unsteady and the beams from all the separate units seemed to swirl and blend."

"Well," said Spock, "that would seem to be the cause of our problem."

"So we know the cause," said McCoy, "but that doesn't cure us."

"No, but it will give us a basic formula from which to work, Doctor," said Spock, who, though he knew that it was McCoy he was talking to, couldn't help feeling the odd sensation of talking to himself from outside himself.

The door to the transporter room slid aside and Captain Kirk stepped through.

"What's the problem?" he said in a light, business-like manner.

McCoy and Spock looked at each other. "Take a wild guess," said the Vulcan.

Kirk was surprised. "You tell me," he said slowly.

"There seems to have been an accident," said Spock.

"All right, there's been an accident," said Kirk. "Care to tell me what kind of accident, or do you want to make a game out of it?"

"Well, to put it in a complicated way, I'm not me, and he is not what he seems to be either," said McCoy.

Kirk was by now quite startled by his First Officer's behavior. "Spock. . ."

"In the process of transportation, the thought processes of Dr. McCoy and myself were apparently transferred," said Spock.

Kirk stared at what had always been McCoy before. "I believe it," he said uncertainly. "Do you know what caused it?"

"Some type of magnetic force coalesced the transporter beams," said Spock. "The result, of course, is obvious."

"Yes, it is," said Kirk, looking at the twosome. "Have any ideas on how you can undo the damage?"

"Not at the moment. However, with Mr. Scott's assistance we should arrive at a solution shortly."

"I wish you wouldn't use my body for things like that," said McCoy sadly.

"I believe I have a more legitimate complaint in that area," said Spock.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said Kirk with concern. "This is not the time to argue. Bones..." Kirk looked at the two men in confusion, then finally directed his gaze to the Vulcan. "Bones, are there any ill effects? Do you feel dizzy, or tired?"

"Now wait a minute, who's the doctor around here?" said McCoy indignantly.

"I suggest that we both go to Sick Bay to determine whether or not there are any adverse effects due to the transference," said Spock.

McCoy's face fell. "I hate to admit it, but that's the best suggestion I've ever made," he said glumly.

Kirk sighed heavily. "Well! This should be interesting at least!"

"Not you too," said McCoy in a tired voice.

Kirk smiled, then walked to the communicator on the transporter control panel.

"Mr. Scott."

"Scott here."

"Come to the transporter room, Scotty; we've got an interesting problem for you to work on."

"Aye sir."

"Kirk out." Kirk faced Spock and McCoy. "Well, I think you'd better go to Sick Bay before something else happens to you."

"What else could possibly happen?" said McCoy.

"You might start thinking like a Vulcan as well as looking like one," said Kirk.

"Heaven forbid!" said McCoy. "C'mon, let's go to Sick Bay," he said, walking out of the transporter room with Spock on his heels.

Kirk looked after them, smiling. Then the smile faded as he scratched his head. "Hmmm!"

Scott entered the transporter room. "You said something about a problem, sir?" he said, almost eagerly.

"Yes, Scotty," said Kirk. "There's been some trouble with the transporter. I want you to check it out. It has to do with the separate beaming units. They're all coming together. I want you to find out what's causing the trouble. After you do that," Kirk paused slightly. "I've got something else to show you."

"Aye, sir," said Scott, wondering what the captain meant by 'something else to show you.'

Kirk left the transporter room.

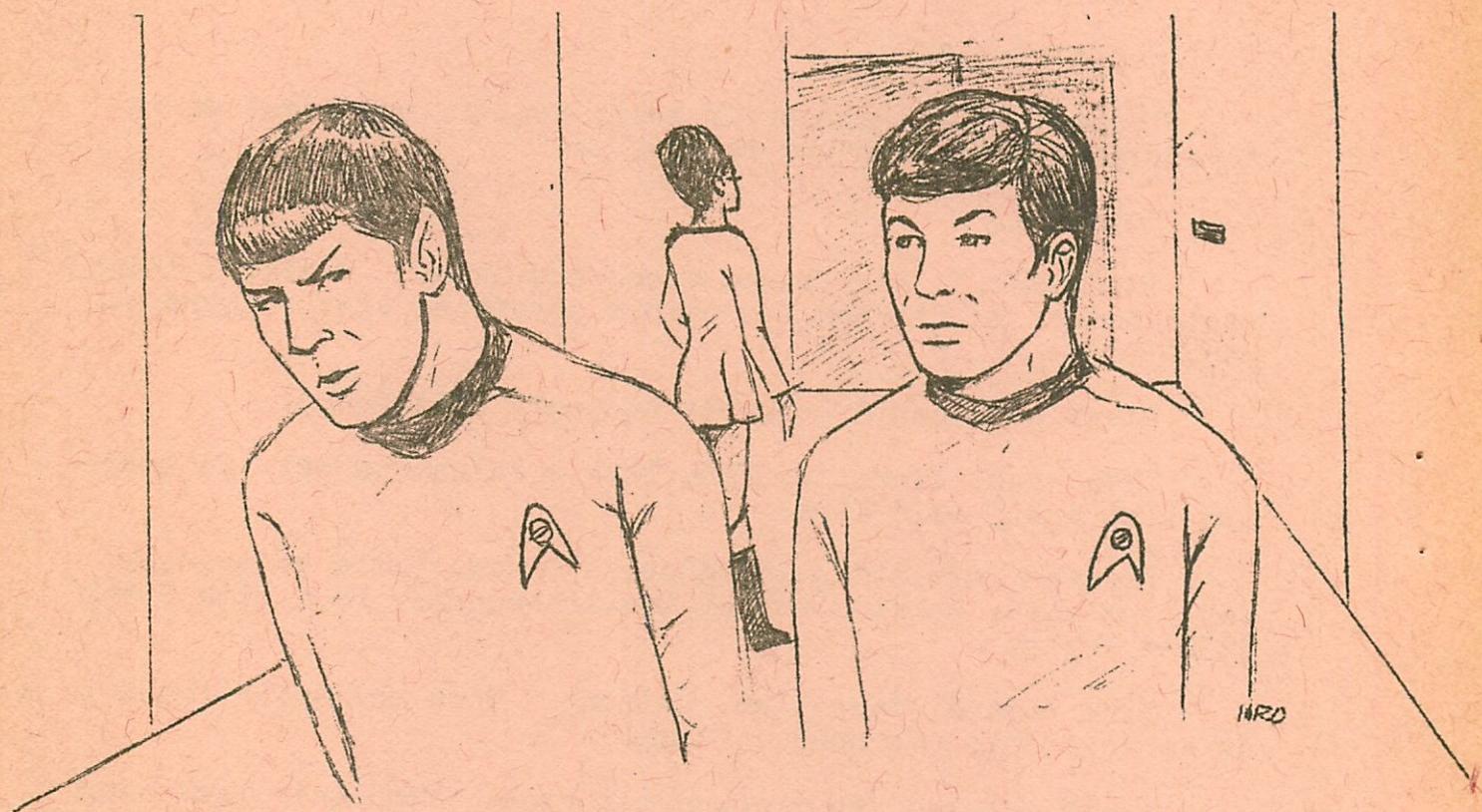
McCoy and Spock walked down the corridor to Sick Bay, feeling exceptionally self-conscious, as if they had each

committed a heinous crime and feared discovery with the glance of every passing crewmember.

"It's all your fault," muttered McCoy.

"I do not understand your reasoning," said Spock.

"If it weren't for your infernal logic, we could have taken a shuttlecraft and avoided this mess."



Spock knew a retort would be useless.

The door to the Sick Bay slid aside and the two entered. Nurse Chapel was filing a computer report. Spock and McCoy went into the examination room.

"Here, lie down," said McCoy to Spock, who lay down on the table connected to the body functions panel. McCoy watched as the level indicators rose and the heartbeat and respiration indicators beeped. McCoy scrutinized the indicators carefully.

"Well, I seem to be in perfect health, considering the circumstances," he said. "Hmm. We'll need a record of this. Nurse Chapel," he called into the office. "Would you help me with this examination? Oh, and I'll need some help in checking myself."

"Yes, sir," said Nurse Chapel from the office.

"I could have assisted you," said Spock from the bed.

"Hmph," said McCoy, who was sure Spock couldn't do it, and wouldn't do it right if he could.

Nurse Chapel came, report form and stylus ready, and finding Dr. McCoy on the diagnostic bed, began to scribble industriously, writing down readings. She looked up for a moment, puzzled.

"You know, Doctor, for a minute back there I thought Mr. Spock was talking to me." She frowned, then finished taking down readings while McCoy and Spock felt extremely exposed.

"All right, Doctor," said Nurse Chapel, looking up from her report. "Is Mr. Spock to be examined too?"

"Yes, he is," said McCoy, unaware that for all appearances he was Spock. Nurse Chapel gave him a peculiar look, and he sharply realized that she was referring to him. Spock looked almost pleased at McCoy's discomfort and got off the bed so that McCoy could take his turn.

The medical scanner beeped faster and rather irregularly, the appropriate thing for it to do when registering a Vulcan metabolism. Nurse Chapel filled out the second report efficiently and handed it to the seeming McCoy for approval.

"Anything else, sir?"

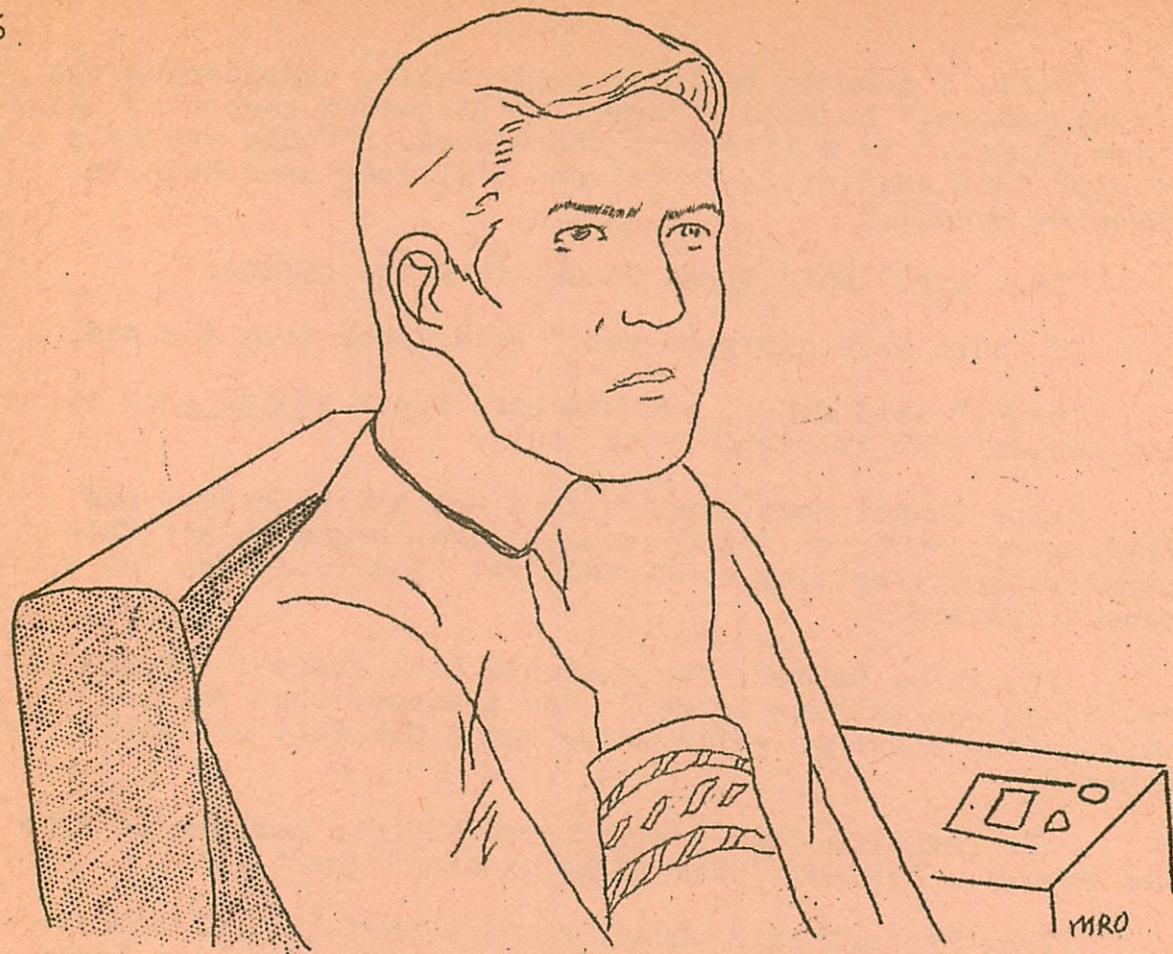
"No, thank you, Nurse Chapel," said Spock. Nurse Chapel exited.

McCoy got off the table, smiling in his turn. Spock slowly handed him the report, looking him straight in the eye, then departed for the bridge.

"Captain," said Mr. Chekov, who was working at Mr. Spock's sensor station.

"What is it, Ensign?"

"Sir, I'm getting readings of fluctuations in the planet's magnetic field. It seems to be...reversing itself. The north and south poles are switching positions."



"How long has this been going on?" said Kirk intensely.

"Well, sir, it has probably been happening for several centuries, but it has begun its final shift only within the last hour, as far as I can determine."

"Fine time for it!" said Kirk. "Why didn't you report it before?"

"It only became apparent a few minutes ago, sir. I didn't think it was very important, Captain, I...."

"You didn't think it was very important," Kirk said slowly. "I'm beginning to think that nobody thinks around here," he muttered.

Chekov looked hurt.

"Transporter room to Captain Kirk," said Mr. Scott's voice. Kirk pounced on the communicator.

"Kirk here, what have you found, Scotty?" Kirk asked hopefully.

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with the mechanics of the transporter."

"Hmm. That makes sense. Scotty, listen. Could a strong, erratic magnetic field be scrambling the beams?"

"Aye, it could. But we can't fight a magnetic field."

"You don't have to. If you could figure out the exact wave pattern of the field, you could compensate for the distortion."

"Aye!"

"Mr. Chekov has readings of the distorted magnetic field here. Take the record tapes and see what you can come up with. Test with inert material. Report your results as soon as possible."

"Aye, sir."

The lift door opened and Spock came onto the bridge. Kirk accosted him immediately.

"Bones! What did you find?" he said anxiously.

Spock gave him a peculiar look. "There is no physical damage whatever," he said. "Each of us is in perfect health."

Kirk sighed, relieved for that part of it, at least. "Well, I'm glad to hear that," he said, looking into McCoy's face. "How are you making out personally?"

"There have been no major incidents, only minor cases of mistaken identity."

"Well, that's to be expected," said Kirk, "under the circumstances."

"I am sure I can speak for the two of us when I say that we are most anxious to know the results of Mr. Scott's investigation of the transporter unit."

"You were correct about the magnetism. Scotty says there's nothing wrong with the unit itself. Right now he's working on compensating for the magnetic distortion."

Spock knit his brow. "The compensation will not restore us to our former condition, but will only transport us as we are now," said Spock. "Surely Mr. Scott is aware of that."

"Uh, no," said Kirk uncomfortably. "He isn't."

"May I ask why he is not?"

"I haven't told him about the accident yet."

Spock seemed startled, gave Kirk a long, concerned look, then stared blankly at the view screen. "I believe you enjoy seeing us in this condition."

Kirk looked up apologetically. "You could be right..."

Spock whirled to face him, for all practical purposes quite shocked.

"Well," said Kirk slowly and in a high voice, "I thought that..." He looked up to face Spock, whose shocked expression had frozen.

"Oh, never mind," he said in a small voice. "You'd better spring it on Scotty as soon as he's adjusted the transporter."

Spock left the bridge.

Meanwhile, down in Sick Bay... McCoy stood in the examination room, finishing off the report forms with notations and his signature. Satisfied that everything was complete, he walked into the office section and handed the forms to Nurse Chapel.

"File these for me, would you, Nurse?" he asked.

Christine was rather surprised to see that Spock was still in the Sick Bay, but she seemed more delighted than awed.

"W', of course, Mr. Spock," she said falteringly.
"But, uh, where is Dr. McCoy?"

"Oh, I'm uh, that is, he went to the bridge," said McCoy slowly, trying harder to avoid slips of the tongue.

"Mr. Spock, uh, do you feel all right? You don't look very well."

"Oh, uh, I'm, I'm all right," said McCoy nervously.
"Uh, if anybody needs me, I'll either be on the bridge or in the transporter room."

"Oh? Why the transporter room?" asked Nurse Chapel conversationally.

"Well, you see, because," began McCoy, "...oh, forget it," he said, making a rather hasty exit and leaving Nurse

Chapel rather astonished.

As it turned out, McCoy and Spock got to the transporter room at the same time.

"Well, fancy meeting you here," said McCoy. Spock gave him a relatively dirty look.

"Jim's right. I just might have to start thinking like a Vulcan," McCoy muttered quietly.

"It would save a great deal of difficulty," said Spock agreeably.

"Yeah?" McCoy said, looking at himself. "Just what is everybody going to think when they see me acting like a computer?"

"They will think that you have finally outgrown childhood," Spock said acidly. McCoy was dumbfounded. He fumbled for a swift verbal backhand, but came up with nothing and had to resort to dazedly following Spock into the transporter room, where Mr. Scott was working.

"Ah, Dr. McCoy," said Scotty, looking up from the transporter control panel. "I have the trouble with the transporter compensated for. The captain says that there's something that you or Mr. Spock wants to tell me."

"Uh, yes, Scotty," said McCoy. "Well, when we were beaming up from the planet, the trouble with the transporter caused a little accident."

"What was that?" asked Scotty. "What happened?"

"Dr. McCoy and myself had our thought processes transferred, with no discernably harmful side effects."

Scotty looked worried for a moment, then grinned.

"Ah," he said, "this is a joke, is it?"

Both Spock and McCoy did some serious staring at Scott. Scott's grin wilted.

"Isn't it?"

"Vulcans do not joke," said Spock intensely. That phrase coming seriously from Dr. McCoy convinced Scott.

"Well, what can I do?"

"It will be necessary to duplicate and then reverse the conditions that existed when we beamed up."

"But, that'll be nearly impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible," said Spock with assurance.

"At least you hope so," said McCoy.

"I'll do my best, sir, but there's no great chance of coming within the exact same circumstances."

"We are aware of that fact, Mr. Scott," said Spock quietly. "However, I am sure that is a chance we shall both be quite willing to take."

"Aye," said Scott slowly. "Well, I'll check the transport records and see what I come up with."

"Yes," said McCoy. "Oh, and Scotty, kind of hurry it a little, would you?"

"Certainly, sir," said Scott sympathetically. Spock and McCoy exited.

"Well, I guess all we can do now is wait," said McCoy as he and Spock walked down the hall toward the turbolift. "But I think it would be a good idea to run some more tests on ourselves."

"An excellent idea, Doctor," said Spock.

"Yeah, I want particularly to take some more encephalograms," said McCoy meditatively. "I'm worried about some damage to the brains during the transference that I might have missed."

"Indeed," said Spock thoughtfully. "In that case, time would be an important factor. We have no idea of the effects a prolonged transference of thought processes might have."

"Right," said McCoy, who looked at the man beside him with a strangely soft look in the alien eyes. He clapped a hand on his own shoulder. "Let's get started." The two departed for Sick Bay.

"Mr. Chekov, any new readings on the magnetic field of this planet?"

"No, sir, readings still indicate field shift, progressing very slowly, still fluctuating."

"Very well, Mr. Chekov." Kirk punched a button on his command chair. "Transporter room."

"Scott here."

"How are you coming, Scotty?"

"Well, sir, I can duplicate the readings of the beaming from the records, and I'm working on the reverse readings to correct the conditions, uh, but..." Scott's voice stammered.

"What is it, Scott?" asked Kirk.

"Well, sir, even if I am able to reverse the readings correctly, there's still the heavy magnetic field of the planet to contend with."

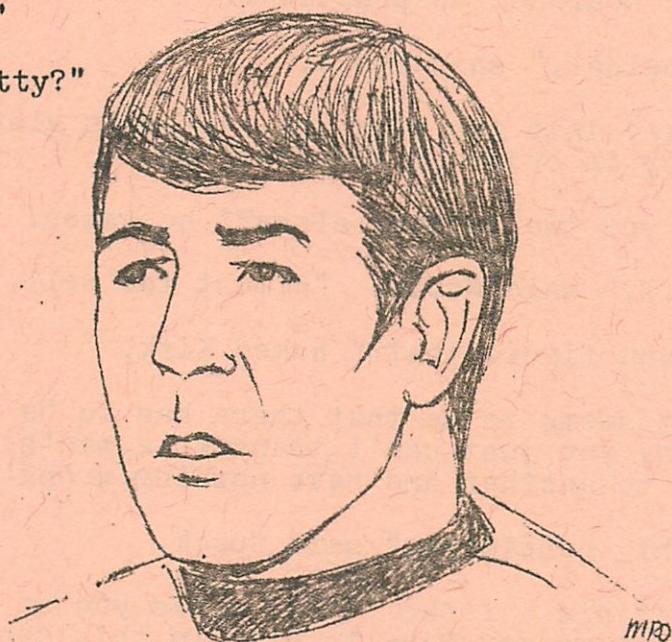
"Can't you use the reverse readings and compensate for the magnetic distortion at the same time?"

"No, sir," said Scott slowly. "The reverse readings must be constantly shifted during the beaming the way they occurred during the accident. At the same time the magnetic disturbance will be warping the reverse beams. I wouldn't dare to put anyone into the transporter with conditions like that."

Kirk's brow furrowed and he sighed.

"Captain?"

"Yes, Scotty?"



"We could do it if there was a way to block out the magnetic field."

Kirk's face brightened.

"That's easy enough! All we have to do is break orbit and get away from here!"

"Aye!" breathed Scott.

"Scotty, tell me when you're finished working on the reverse proceedings. Kirk out." Kirk cut the circuit. "Why didn't I think of that before?" he thought, frowning; then, with a shrug, walked over to the turbolift.

McCoy finished making readings with a small instrument held over his own head, then shook the head with the pointed ears.

"I don't understand it," he muttered. "How are the blood vessels being linked? How are the nerve impulses being transmitted? For that matter, what the devil was transferred?" He made a notation on a form and shook his head again. "None of this makes sense. If only we had a precedent, something to work with."

"That is a large 'if,' Doctor," said Spock as he got off the bed.

"Too big," said McCoy emphatically. "We're just staggering in the dark with all these tests. Sure, we can take X-rays, readings of the brain wave patterns and such, but what have we got? What would really help is if we could dissect, and that wouldn't be practical."

"Quite logical," said Spock.

Kirk walked into the Sick Bay, throwing glances to Spock and McCoy in order of appearances.

"How are you two getting along?" he asked.

"Very well," said McCoy. "Almost too well."

"How do you figure that?" asked Kirk.

"Well, it seems to me that there has to be something wrong! I mean, you just can't transfer a man's consciousness from one body to another and have nothing wrong!"

"An earthly pessimism," said Spock.

McCoy shot him a look. "What makes you so optimistic? You realize that we may have to stay in this condition for the rest of our lives."

"I don't think so, Bones," said Kirk. "Scotty should be ready to try to reverse the accident pretty soon. You'll be a new man."

"I might say he is a new man now," said Spock.

Kirk shrugged. "Well, would it be courteous to say he'll be an old man?"

"... Your point is well taken," said Spock.

"All right," said McCoy, "do you mind getting out of here? I don't know about you, but I'd like to get some work done."

The captain grinned. "C'mon, Spock, let's go see what Mr. Scott has been doing."

"How's it coming, Scotty?" asked Kirk as he and Spock entered the transporter room.

"Everything seems to be fine," said Scotty, almost exasperatedly, "but it's not going to work."

"Why not?"

"We can't pull away from the planet to avoid the magnetic field!"

The shocked "What's all this?" look on Kirk's face demanded an answer.

"If we break orbit to escape the magnetic field," Spock volunteered cautiously, "we shall have no place to beam Doctor McCoy and myself. There is not another life-supporting planet within this entire sector."

"Exactly," said Scotty wearily.

"That's great," said Kirk after a long pause. "Well? Now what?"

"I don't know," said Scott. "If we tried to reverse the accident with that magnetic field scrambling the beams, Heaven knows what will happen."

"Goulash," said Kirk soberly.

There was another long silence.

"What can we do for a substitute planet?" Kirk muttered, making vertical motions with his hand. "Where can we beam them?" He continued to frown until suddenly he looked up, idea-stricken.

"Captain..." began Spock hopefully.

"Shuttlecraft!" said Kirk triumphantly.

"Hmm!" said Spock, raising an eyebrow. "A most satisfactory solution!"

"Scotty?"

"I don't see why not, Captain. It should work. Unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless by passing through the hull of the shuttlecraft, the reverse beams become further disturbed."

"It doesn't happen during regular beaming, why should it do so now?" demanded Kirk.

"It's never been done like this before!"

"Then we do it," Kirk said, then turned to Mr. Spock. "Scottish pessimism, Mr. Spock."

"Hmm," said Spock, regarding Scotty. "Indeed."

Scott looked bewildered, then made his happy-sad looking 'all right, I admit it,' face. "Very well, Captain," he said with a small smile. "I'll finish up the adjustments then run some tests."

"Good," said Kirk, amused. He turned to the communicator on the control panel. "Mr. Sulu."

"Bridge, Lieutenant Sulu."

"Go to course 1:18 mark 2, space normal speed," said Kirk.

"1:18 mark 2, space normal. Aye, sir."

"Kirk out."

McCoy was standing on the bridge when Captain Kirk came in.

"Oh, Jim, I've been trying to find you," he said.

"Any particular reason?"

"Well, just a little something I found when I was going over the readings I took of Spock and myself."

"Oh?"

"Uh, could we talk about this privately?"

"My quarters?" asked Kirk. McCoy nodded. They left. As they arrived at the captain's quarters, Kirk asked quietly, "All right, what is it, Bones?"

"Well, I thought you might like to know that, as far as the bio-computer's calculations and my observations are concerned, the perfection of the transfer is complete. With one exception."

"What's that?"

"I asked the computer to calculate how long this transference will last. It projects a slow degeneration of the thought processes, based on an almost imperceptible shift in the Davis factor section of the encephalograms."

"Bones!" Kirk said. "How fast is it proceeding?"

"The computer calculates a year to a year and a half before we go into a state comparable to senility."

"Why?"

"Well, as far as I can tell, it seems as if both our brains were wiped clean, so to speak, then re-programmed with the other's thoughts. My guess is that the new programming wasn't imprinted strongly enough to be retained, and all our thoughts, memories, past will be lost in sixteen months."

There was a pause.

"Well, you finally found the something wrong you expected," said Kirk somberly. "Sixteen months. We have some time at least."

"Well, I guess that has it, Mr. Spock," said Scott, standing. "But there's no way to be sure of it."

"The only way to be sure is for us to beam through, Mr. Scott."

"You may be risking your life, Mr. Spock."

"Perhaps. But perhaps," said Spock, rising and heading for the door, "perhaps I am risking my life to remain like this."

Mr. Scott watched Spock leave.

"We are ready to try it, Captain," said Spock. "Mr. Scott and I have tested the transporter unit with the tricorders and sample boxes that the Doctor and I beamed up with. We were successful."

"Doctor, do you think..." began Kirk.

McCoy put up a hand. "Jim, we've been in situations like this before, only this time I can't insist on a trial run with a guinea pig, because there isn't one."

"You both realize the danger, of course."

McCoy shrugged his shoulders. "What can I say? It's either live like a vegetable in a year or hopefully live as I always have. To me, there's only one choice."

"Spock?"

"The same, Jim."

Kirk smiled. "I agree with you, gentlemen, Shall we go to the transporter room?"

"Ready, Captain," said Scott.

"Very well, Mr. Scott," said the captain. He went to the transporter communicator. "Kirk to bridge."

"Bridge, Sulu here."

"Mr. Sulu, tell hangar deck to prepare to launch shuttlecraft Columbus. Notify me when ready."

"Aye, sir." A few minutes later: "Shuttlecraft ready, sir."

"Launch shuttlecraft," said Kirk.

"Aye, Captain," said Sulu. "Shuttlecraft away, sir."

"Thank you, Lieutenant" Kirk cut the channel. "Mr. Scott?"

"Mr. Kyle and I will conduct the reverse proceedings. It'll be fast, and it'll be tricky, gentlemen, and I don't promise to bring you back in one piece, but if our calculations and work have been correct, you'll be yourselves in no time."

"Let's hope so," said Kirk.

"Amen," said McCoy, stepping onto the transporter unit. Mr. Spock followed him.

"Are you ready?"

Each nodded.

"I'll give you a count of five," said Scott to Mr. Kyle. "You know what to do."

Kyle nodded and assumed his place next to Scott, who pushed a series of buttons, then looked up.

"All right, beginning." He counted slowly: "Five. Four. Three. Two. One. Energise."

Kyle slowly pushed the lever forward, while Scott's hands danced over the adjustment dials. The two men on the transporter began fading out. Finally, they disappeared completely. There was absolute silence in the transporter room for ten seconds.

"Shuttlecraft Columbus to Enterprise."

"Enterprise, Kirk here."

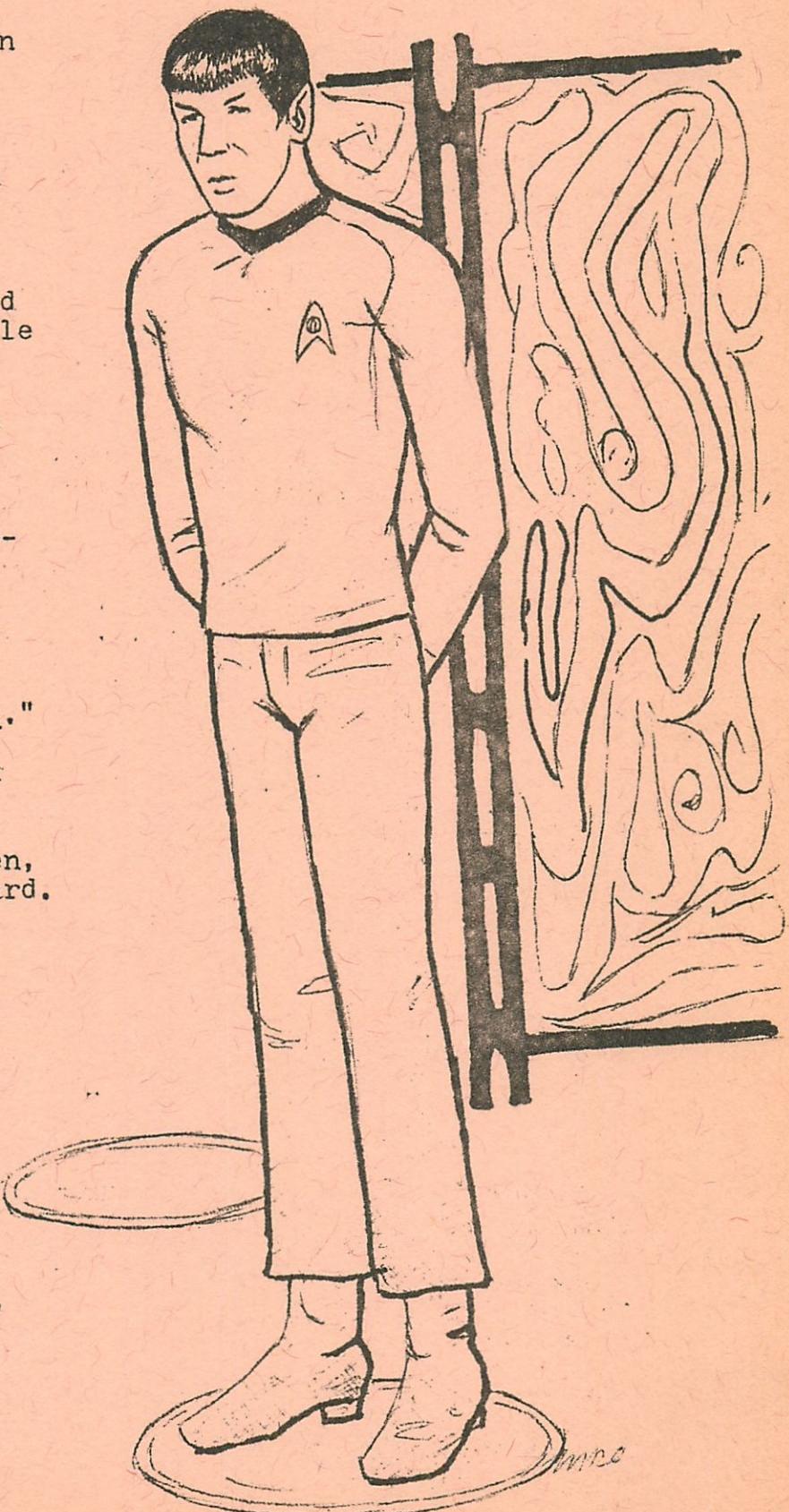
"Lieutenant Hansen, Captain. They're aboard. Dr. M'Benga says they appear to be in good condition."

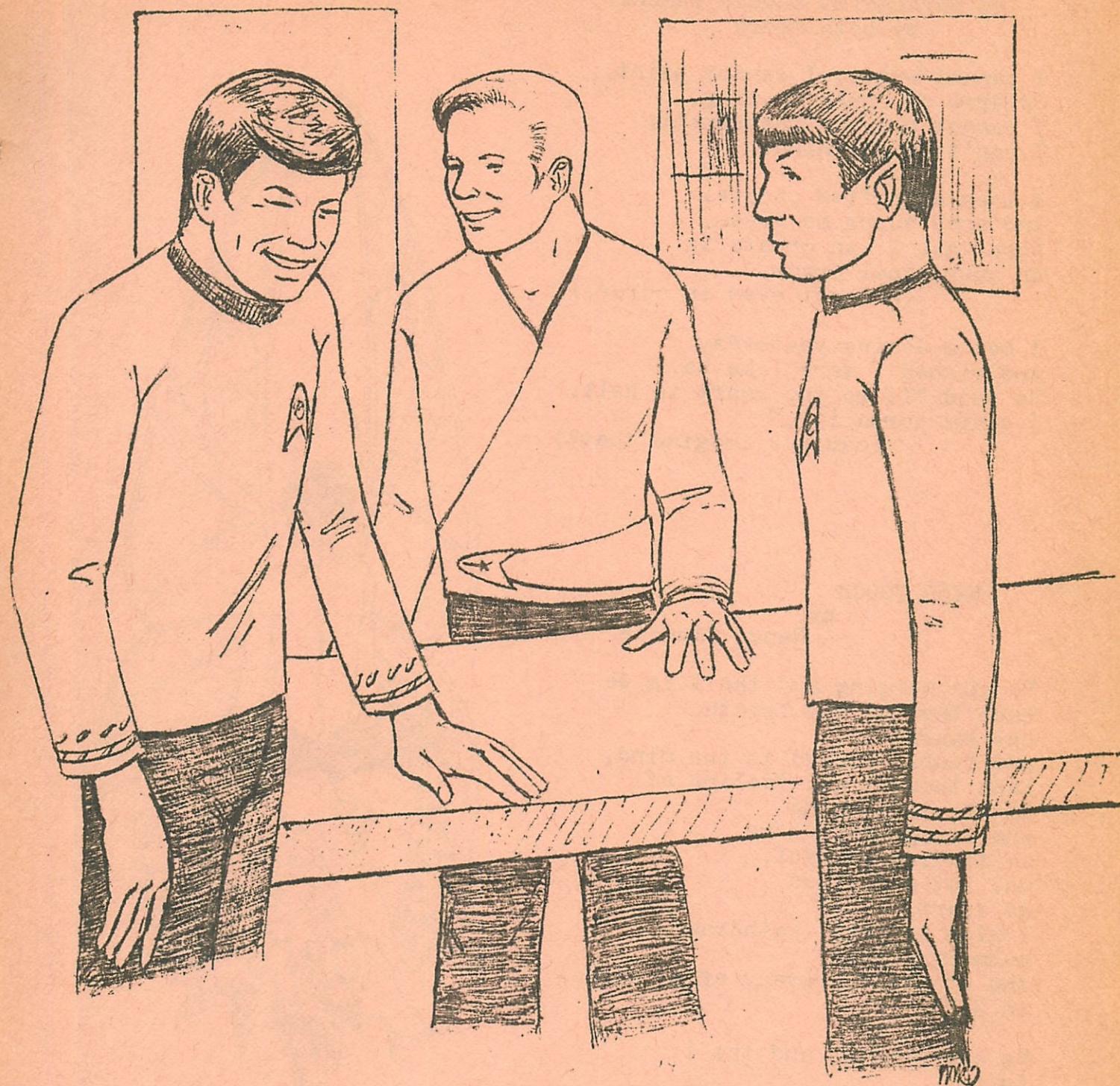
"Dr. McCoy?"

"Looks good, Jim!" said McCoy's voice. "Get us back so I can find out if I can trust my eyes and ears!"

"Bring them back, Mr. Hansen," said Kirk, smiling.

An hour later, McCoy was sure.





THE UNTALENTED SLOB'S LAMENT
by Beth Moore

I cannot write, I cannot paint,
Or draw or dance or sing.
I cannot play an instrument;
I can't do anything.

I look at gifted people,
And envy turns me green.
About all I can create is
An unoriginal dream.
(and not even in color.)

I met a Genius yesterday
And wished I were like he.
He said "To be too smart is hell.
I crave normality."
(can you imagine that?)

MIND TOUCH

by

Nancy Giudice

We are merging and the I is we
each thought and breath
now shared
and double-echoed in the mind.
Each thought and feeling of
I/mine is I/thine
and reciprocity I/me
am finding painful.
Oh, let me/us/you
go apart,
I wish to part, withdraw
submerge again
the uttermost privacy of my mind
in MINE.

We are parting and the I
is me.
I did not know,
could not foresee
this gentle agony
of being known.

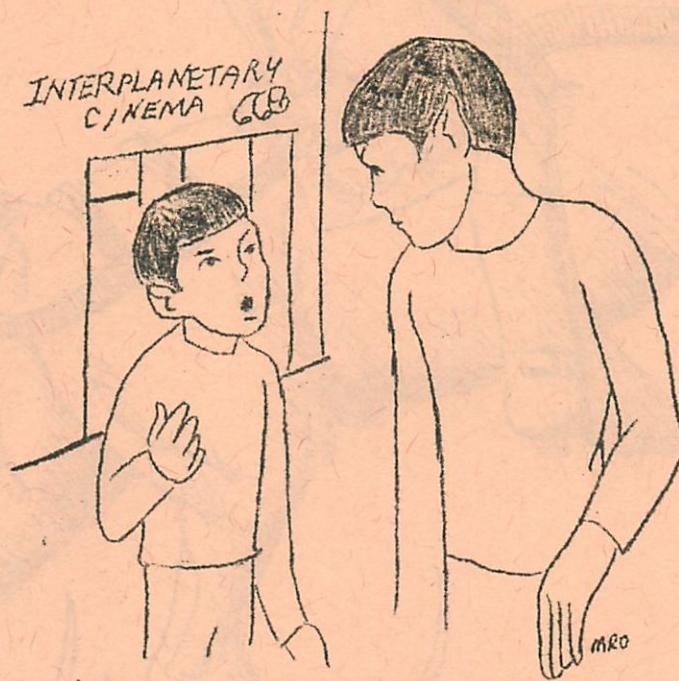


COLLINS CAROL

by Marian Turner

The Quentin and the Barnabas
Were walking hand in hand.
They wept like anything to see
The rocky, corpse-strewn strand.
"If Beth--" "--Josette were here today,"
They moaned, "it would be grand."

"If seven priests of seven gods
Prayed here for half a year
Do you suppose," the Quentin said,
"That they could bring us cheer?"
"I doubt it," said the Barnabas,
And shed a vampire tear.



"And the Monster had horrible
round ears and..."

ANSWERS TO THE PUZZLE -

Yellow: Harry Icarson, Isaac Kinneson. Blue: Sprague Foyle.
Robert Wells. White: Philip Verne, Keith Biggs. Green:
Harlan Rogers, Yuri Capek.

